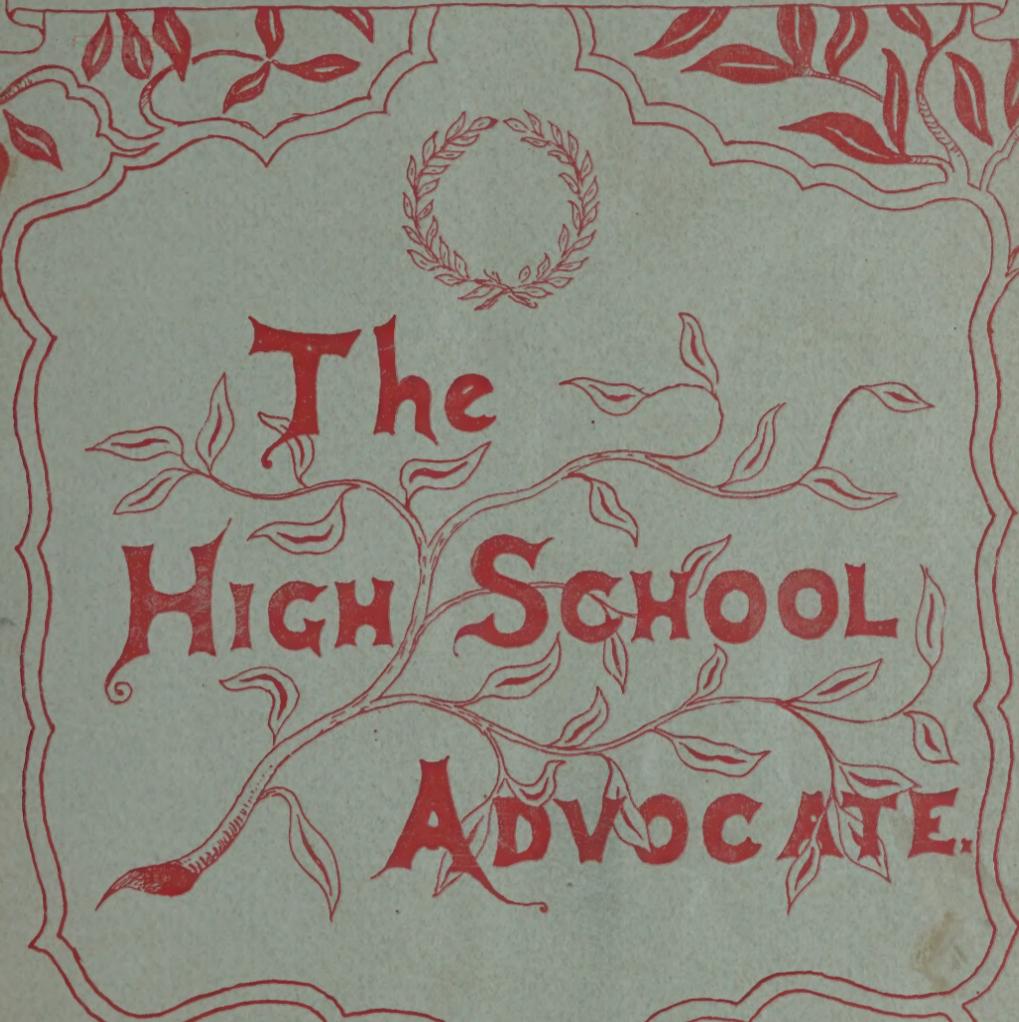


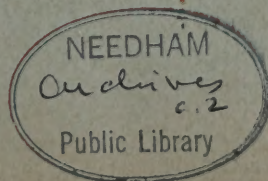
• PALMAM • FERAT • QUI • MERUIT •



The  
HIGH SCHOOL  
ADVOCATE.

• NEEDHAM • MASS. •

JUNE, 1895.



# TWIGG,

CLASS OF '86.

## Charles W. Hearn, Photographer,

392 BOYLSTON STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

PHOTOGRAPHER TO

Dartmouth College, '95.

Wesleyan University, '95.

Amherst College, '94, '95.

Wellesley College, '94, '95.

Mt. Holyoke College, '93, '94, '95.

B. U. College Liberal Arts, '94, '95.

B. U. School of Law, '94.

B. U. School of Theology, '94.

State Agricultural College, '94, '95.

Lasell Seminary, '94, '95.

Tufts College, '93, '94, '95.

Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, '94.

Boston Latin School, '95.

Boston English High, '95.

Cambridge English High, '95.

Cambridge Latin, '95.

Cambridge Manual Training, '95.

Dorchester, Woburn, Brighton High Schools, '94, etc.

Friends of students entitled to price for first dozen cabinets, same as class up to September 1. We make a specialty of Fine College Work and give personal attention to sittings. Write for terms, etc.

Respectfully yours,

C. W. HEARN.

### \$4,000.<sup>00</sup>

In tuition to be awarded from the  
FREE SCHOLARSHIP FUND

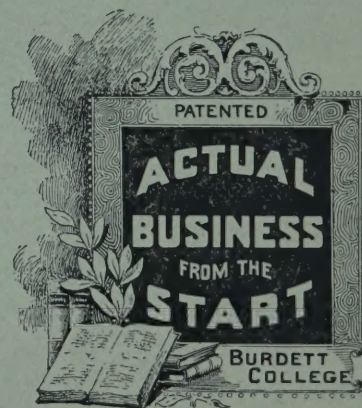
— OF THE —

## BURDETT

BUSINESS AND

SHORTHAND

## COLLEGE



For particulars address SEC'Y FREE SCHOLARSHIP FUND,

BURDETT COLLEGE, Boston, Mass.

# THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1895.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

## CLASS ODE.

We are standing on life's threshold,  
Classmates dear of ninety-five,  
And must meet life's battle bravely,  
If for vict'ry we would strive.  
Dear school-ties so long have bound us  
That we break them now with pain,  
But the closer bonds of friendship  
Even firmer will remain.

As we linger 'neath the shadows  
Of the school we love so well,  
As we gaze at dear loved faces  
We are sad to say "farewell,"  
And the books we're loath to part with  
As we lay them now aside,  
Through life's pathway they will serve us  
As a never-failing guide.

Let us then in life, dear classmates,  
Build our ladder, climbing still,  
Let us do the work God gives us  
With true energy and will,  
Let us always keep our motto  
Ever steadily in view,  
And though now we part as classmates  
We'll be loyal still and true.

Then we'll say farewell to school days,  
Classmates dear of ninety-five,  
And to be true men and women  
We will always ever strive.  
May our future years grow brighter  
As we live for truth and right,  
And they then shall ever witness  
We have striven for the light.

—LUCIE A. CARTER.

## Needham: Present and Future.

The town of Needham is situated in the eastern part of Massachusetts, twelve miles southwest of Boston, in about latitude 42 degrees 17 minutes north and longitude 40 degrees 40 minutes west. The surface has an elevation about as high as the top of Bunker Hill monument.

Although the surface in general is level there are a number of hills, one of which is at least three hundred feet above tide water.

Needham is noted for its beautiful scenery, clear air and pure water. One of the most favorable points from which to view the surrounding country is High Rock, in the southern part of the town. In the west may be seen Wachusett and sometimes Monadnock, in the east Blue Hill and the observatory crowning its summit.

The peacefully-flowing Charles, which is the boundary of more than half the town,

with its picturesque surroundings, can not fail to draw forth the admiration of beholders. And again a view from "North Hill" toward the east of "Rosemary Valley," with its placid lake in the foreground surrounded with wooded hills and verdant meadows, with "Bird's Hill" in the background, the village of Highlandville on the left and the plains on the right, furnishes a landscape unsurpassed for quiet beauty by any in this part of the state.

Then there is our main street, Great Plain avenue. In the summer what street is there, near or far, that can excel it in beauty? Standing in front of the town hall one looks up or down and sees the avenue lined on either side with beautiful elms, which meet above making one long, grand archway. In winter this same street is the racing boulevard for the public; and, judging by the spectators that assemble to

watch these races, one could not doubt that we were a lively suburb of Boston.

The town is noted for its excellent highways and our quiet and well-kept streets, much frequented by bicycle riders and those seeking pleasant drives in summer as well as by sleighing parties in winter. Our beautiful town is often recommended to invalids on account of its pure, health-giving air. Its water is pronounced by the best physicians as good as any tonic. This water has been analyzed and found to be as pure as any in the state.

About a year ago Needham was lighted by electricity, thus making it attractive by night as well as by day. People riding from Boston have often remarked upon our well-lighted streets.

Though our electric and water supply do not now extend into the outskirts, yet year by year it is being extended until all parts of the town will be well lighted and everybody will enjoy the advantages of pure water.

The people of Needham are not wealthy but are temperate, well educated, cultivated and cultured. If any one wishes to prove this, let him visit the different churches, noting their attendance and prosperity; visit our many social, fraternal and temperance societies and our public library, marking the large number of well-selected books.

With all this do not fail to notice the orderly streets in the evenings. You may go about with perfect safety and need have no fear of being molested. One of the chief reasons for this is that Needham is a no-license town.

Our people are also industrious, and that the majority of our farmers are prosperous can be easily seen by noticing the well-cultivated farms and comfortable dwellings. The manufacturing interests are both numerous and successful, so that during the recent panic and hard times all of the factories and mills were in operation to some extent. In good times the pay rolls alone amount to \$10,000 per month, furnishing the comforts of life to many families.

I doubt if any town in Massachusetts with our wealth and population, does more for the education of its children and youth

or does it more cheerfully. The result of this is that our town is rapidly advancing in education.

Now just a few words in regard to the future of Needham. Within the next ten years I see our main street, Great Plain avenue, extended to Boston; the electric cars running through here in every direction, connecting us with Natick and Wellesley on the west, Boston on the east, Waltham on the north and Dedham on the south. This will make Needham an important business centre. Fine residences will spring up on every hand, and we may expect to see a new High school building, with all the modern improvements, of heating and ventilation, a town hall, public library, a savings bank, national bank, and stores of all kinds. These will be well patronized on account of the growing population, and our town will thus become one of the most desirable suburbs of Boston.

---

### Ben.

[From the German.]

---

Ben was a dog without any particular breed. He had long, shaggy hair, a bulldog's mouth and was always dirty, but he had the most beautiful eyes a dog could have. His duty was to pull a cart, and it was his and his master's duty to keep an infinite number of streets clean. Christlieb, that was his master's name, was thirteen years old. If one of them found a bone amongst the sweepings, it could not have been imagined who was the more pleased, Ben, who gnawed it, or Christlieb, who meanwhile hopped first on one foot and then on the other. The beauty of their relation was that they always wished the very best for each other. When Christlieb was tempted to steal, or if he really stole something it was always for Ben. Often he stood before a butcher's shop, his hands in his pockets, wishing he could have all there was in it. Ben also was a wholly unselfish dog.

One evening, after Christlieb had been standing in front of the door and wonder-

ing to himself where Ben was staying, he came running at full speed with two splendid sausages in his mouth, smelling very fresh. Never did comrades divide more honestly than Christlieb and Ben divided the morsel between them. For seven hours Christlieb attended the public school. Ben was not admitted, therefore he remained outside. After school they commenced business. Christlieb's mind was never with his shovelling and brushing. He was of a dreamy nature and interested himself in all sorts of things that didn't concern him in the least. Why did the smoke from the chimney sometimes rise up into the air and sometimes sink to the earth? And why didn't the sparrows, if they were disturbed while feeding, fly into the faces of the passers-by? Christlieb often through carelessness pushed into people and was rebuked by a hard slap. It was different with Ben. His mind was always on his business, and therefore he avoided running into anyone with the cart by pushing the dreamy Christlieb right and left. He was without doubt the moving spirit of the business, for instinctively — or knowingly, who knows? — he always stopped where the most rubbish had accumulated. On his part Christlieb always spoke freely about all that his thoughts were busy with. Many times he would stand near him and say, "Ben, did you see the cur that fellow has? For shame, I would not accept him as a gift! You are another fellow, Ben. Surely you are no animal. Any human being might be glad if he was as clever as you. Just let any one come to me and say you are a brute, — up, Ben, my fellow!" and Ben understanding him jumped on his master and licked his dirty hands. They lived in a continual rivalry to lighten the drawing of the cart for each other as much as possible. The consequence of this effort was that they often shot beyond their proper boundaries. They reproached each other and were unfortunate only when they had nothing to eat. But that seldom happened, for Christlieb was a regular little housekeeper. He was an employee and lived on his salary. Perhaps, if he had not had Ben, he would have become disso-

lute and would have spent his two groschen, as he saw his father do. But he had Ben, and took more care of him than of himself.

In the evening, when they had returned from sweeping to the damp, gloomy room in a cellar, Christlieb cooked the supper like a regular cook, never cooking it twice alike, for he had an inventive mind. The bones which Ben had picked up in the street, potatoes, bread, old vegetables — all were mixed up together. When he thought his supper ready, he tasted it with the air of a connoisseur. After this both ate it with so great relish, that scarcely a plate of the delicious mixture was left for his father. But that didn't trouble them much. His father always came home late and completely intoxicated. Then he never cared what and how much he was eating. In the morning, when he was sober, he took pleasure in tormenting Ben as soon as he appeared. For that both the dog and his young master hated him, but fortunately they had not much time to endure such disagreeable treatment. Their work engrossed them, and also care for each other. When Christlieb stopped before a jeweler's shop (watches were his delight), he was never so interested that he did not first place his ragged jacket under the good Ben, so that he received no injury from the damp stones. Ben was not interested, but he respected the disposition of his master and always kept still without being spoken to. And while Christlieb thought profoundly of the interior of such a work of art, Ben indulged in his peculiar views. Well wishes, contempt, pity and anger were reflected in his beautiful large eyes, and many a passer-by might have read his merit from his eyes, but none took the trouble to notice an ugly street cur. In particular a meeting with a silky-haired dog, wearing a bow, made a disgusting impression on Ben. The democratically-minded cart puller thought it was not suitable for a dog, and he was firmly convinced that the dazzling white dog had nothing else to do in the world but eat, and in his eyes eating without work was contemptible.

It was a beautiful, extraordinarily cold winter's day. Christlieb was nearly frozen,

but a bright fire burned in his heart. He had once again been lost in contemplation, standing before the watchmaker's window, when suddenly the owner himself appeared and asked, "Boy, what are you always here for?" "O," Christlieb answered, "I was wishing that I could see the inside of a watch." "Well, if you will wash yourself a little," the owner continued in a friendly tone, "you can come in here once, and I will show it to you." Christlieb jumped with a leap towards Ben. "Ben, my fellow, up, up!" he cried, seized the pole of the cart, and lickety-split! they went as if out of their senses through the streets. The snow was falling fast. They went out of the city without knowing how the falling of the snow led them astray, so that they rushed zigzag over the public pleasure grounds. At length they stopped, for Christlieb could not go further; he dropped breathless on the first stone he came to under the snow. Ben looked wonderingly at the snow garment. The good animal licked compassionately the frozen fingers of his master, who had nothing in his head but the watchworks and therefore had forgotten that it was supper time. But Ben had not. The delay in the cold at the time they generally had their supper seemed to him uncalled for and so he pushed his master repeatedly with his snout. But all at once he felt a leaden heaviness in his limbs, watches of every kind danced around before his eyes, he heard distinctly their ticking and he waited to seize them when they came nearer; thus dreaming he slipped gradually into the white snow, to the great grief of Ben, who didn't quite know what to think of this new idea of Christlieb's. Greatly disturbed he barked at the great pale moon, which had ascended up in the cold winter sky, and then pulled again Christlieb's jacket. But the poor fellow was so very tired, he lay so quietly, only that he could rest a little.

For three minutes he lay fast asleep. Then Ben gave up in despair. He went along the street and turned back. At last he raised a perfect howl of anguish to heaven, cast an indescribable look on the sleeping boy and then ran at full speed

with the cart back to the city. He rushed past many men, who looked after him and thought him mad. They called after him, but he continued on his way. Now he turned the corner, a few houses from there was the watchmaker's, and he hurried towards that. A man was just leaving the house; it was the watchmaker, not anticipating anything evil, going to his club. Then a dog came rushing at him with a cart. He warded him off with a powerful blow. "Donnerwetter, you beast!" Poor Ben fell backwards, the cart unfortunately stood so that it was pushed against a lamp post. The pole broke in two and the spiked wood pierced the dog's body. He groaned aloud. But was it time to die? Ben raised himself, and groaning licked the hand of the man, who had misunderstood him so; he staggered backwards and fell again. No looks of eloquence could be compared to that look.

The man was startled. "Whose dog is it," he thought, "is that not the dog of the little boy who stopped so much before my windows? My God! Why did he run at you that you should seize him so roughly?" He found Christlieb's jacket and bound it compassionately about the dog's bleeding body. Ben ceased his barking and groans. Finally he arose, and the watchmaker followed him. "Something must have happened to the little fellow," he said, shaking his head. At first Ben pulled part of the cart, but finally the man pulled it alone. The dog felt as if he must drop down at any time, but he staggered along.

At length they stood before the sleeping boy. And while the man raised Christlieb, shook him and rubbed him with snow, Ben breathed out very quietly his faithful soul. After a while the watchmaker succeeded in again bringing life to Christlieb's half-frozen limbs.

He came slowly to himself, looked around, touched the man, who held him on his knee, and asked in a wondering tone, "Where is Ben, why don't Ben come?" The man raised him up. "How do you feel," he asked, "can you walk?" Then Christlieb saw footsteps and a little way off the cart. "Ben!" he called. He attempt-

ed to rush towards him, but the man restrained him. "The poor animal—" said he. He could not finish, for already Christlieb lay beside his dog in the snow; he shook him and called him by fond names. Then he saw the great pool of blood.

"O sir!" he cried, and extended his clasped hands to his friend, "make him alive again as you have me!"

The man shook his head. "My child," said he, "be reasonable, nothing can help him."

This certainly gave a great shock to the poor fellow. He carefully took his faithful companion from the earth, laid him in his cart, and to take the great coldness from him, covered him up very carefully. Then he took the handle and trotted away, weeping bitterly.

The man could not let him go thus; he followed him, speaking comforting words to him. "After all he was only an animal," said he.

"No," Christlieb answered angrily, "Ben was no animal; Ben was wiser than a man. Ben and I belonged to each other, now I don't know where I belong."

"But your father—," the watchmaker said, trying to calm him.

"Who is always drunk," interrupted the boy.

"And your mother—"

"She is dead, I have none but Ben, perhaps if I wash him well, he will come to life again."

He drew his cart faster through the snow, so that the man could scarcely keep up. Many thoughts were passing through his head, while he hurried along near the sobbing boy. His wife was dead, he had no children to care for; what if he should take him and teach him a trade? What if he should take him home?

"Yes," he said, and placed his hand on Christlieb's head, "your Ben was faithful, and he shall not have come to me in vain."

---

An emblem of deep thought—the chewed end of a lead pencil.

### Different Ways of Looking at Common Things.

—  
Is it not true that all common objects around us become in a great degree beautiful or ordinary, good or bad, as persons look upon them from different standpoints? There is more truth than is usually allowed in the well-worn lines:

"This world is not so bad a world  
As some would like to make it;  
And whether good or whether bad  
Depends on how we take it."

How differently people of different tastes, habits of thought and training look upon the every-day affairs, the most common things which surround us, as well as the various duties and trials which come to all. To one every flower by the wayside is a wonder and delight; others pass them by without notice.

How many persons passing under the elm and maple in early spring think about the myriads of wonderful blossoms crowded so closely together upon every stem and which the microscope reveals to be of such exquisite beauty. A miserly person would only think of how many cords of wood the tree would furnish, and at what price the wood could be sold. Another wishes that his neighbor would destroy the troublesome tree, for he thinks it is of no use, and it shades his land so that his potatoes do not grow.

Newton learned the law of gravitation by watching an apple fall, thinking only of the force which drew it to the earth; a botanist would have thought of the wonderful provision of nutriment for the seed, or of the size and shape of the fruit; while a farmer would have thought how luscious the apple would taste, and that a bushel of such apples would surely win the prize at the fruit exhibit.

The earth with all its varied life, the soft blue sky, every flower and every blade of grass are objects of beauty to those who appreciate and are in sympathy with Nature, and besides giving great enjoyment, these objects teach such persons of the goodness and skill of the Infinite. But those who

see no beauty in Nature are like Wordsworth's rustic:

"A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more."

Perhaps there is as much difference in the judging of character as considering natural objects. We often point out a person's faults and dwell upon them until his or her virtues are lost sight of entirely, not thinking that we may have just as serious faults as he. Few people can see only the good in all. The way a person learns to look upon common objects, to form opinions concerning events, to judge of character, to distinguish between good and evil, will be to him a source of joy or sorrow all through life.

Then let us study to see in Nature all beauty and glory, to think charitably of the peculiarities of others, learning thereby to correct our own faults, cultivating a generous ambition for all noble thoughts, purposes and attainments.

---

#### New England Character.

---

New England is populated by the representatives of many different nations, but the real New Englanders and the people whose character is here described are the descendants of the little band of Pilgrims and other settlers who came over to New England at about the same time.

The very fact that most of the settlers of New England came over here for religious freedom, shows that they were a persevering, liberty-loving people. The qualities which this step shows have, together with many others, been inherited by their descendants who have since acquired in addition those traits which education and culture naturally bring, so that now they are an independent, intelligent, persevering people, who hate tyranny in any form, and generally make it a point to be very candid and open; they are also extremely honest.

For the origin of these qualities we might look back to the time when England was inhabited by a savage, uncivilized race

whose only instruments were sharp bits of stone and pieces of wood, and whose only garments were the skins of wild beasts. It would be interesting to trace the development of their character up to the present time, but it is enough to say that all the vicissitudes and wars through which England passed gave the people of that country, from whom we are descended, a determined character, together with all the traits which have been mentioned as belonging to their descendants, the present inhabitants of New England.

The United States has been engaged in many wars, in all of which New England has taken a prominent part. These wars have, for the most part, been fought to secure some liberty, and have naturally tended to increase New England's already great love of liberty. The many scientific discoveries and improvements have always interested her, and many of her own children have grown up to be pioneers in all the new discoveries, and to make inventions themselves which have made most, if not all of the continents more prosperous. This has naturally contributed to enlightenment, and encouraged their perseverance. All these things have helped to develop in the New Englander qualities which inspire confidence. He is able to fill a responsible position, and to carry on works which a man who had not such a good character would either not attempt, or fail to make successful.

---

On April 6th, twenty-nine women were graduated from the Law Department of the University of the city of New York.

Teacher—"Tommy, can you give me a sentence in which 'but' is a conjunction?"

Tommy—"See the goat butt the boy. 'Butt' is a conjunction and connects the boy with the goat."

The library and manuscripts of the historian Bancroft have been purchased by the University of Chicago for \$80,000. The university library of 25,000 volumes is now the largest of all university libraries in America.





C. Helen Lovell, Carrie L. Whipple, Joseph Stanton, Austina M. Whittemore.  
 Edith M. Lord, Frederick M. de Lesdernier, Lucie A. Carter.  
 Florence T. Hutchinson, Clarissa M. Sutton, Linnie M. Newell.

## CLASS OF NINETY-FIVE.

In the class of five and ninety,  
Members ten there are;  
In his special avocation,  
Each one is a star.

Humorist there is among them,—  
Easily he's guessed;  
Many a laugh his words have caused us,  
Blessings on him rest!

Then there is a lawyer very  
Argumentative,  
To his num'rous questions weighty  
Answers all must give.

Warbler sweet is with the others,  
Happy all the while;  
When th' occasion is most solemn,  
Her face wears a smile.

Still another skilled musician,  
Born no doubt for fame,  
Is of this bright class a member,  
Pious sounds her name.

Maiden filled with zeal historic,  
Boston's streets doth roam;  
"O'er the river wide to Charlie"  
Parodies her home.

Damsel full of erudition  
Swells our growing list,  
Shadow of another maiden,  
Sometimes pessimist.

Other maiden's a musician,  
Poetess, some tell;  
Optimist with all these talents  
She should be as well.

One there is whose ways so gentle  
Win the hearts of all;  
Studious, sweet, obliging, docile,  
Mediumly tall.

Botanist is in the number,  
Guess her if you can,  
Relative of salamander,  
Never needs a fan.

Reader sweet completes the roll-call,  
With a taking way;  
She and botanist so loving  
Never part they say.

These of class of five and ninety  
Are the members ten;  
No less power can do them justice  
Than a Shakespeare's pen.

## CLASSIS NONAGINTA-QUINQUE.

*Scalas construimus quibus scandamus.*

On the twelfth day of December, in the year after our great Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, was born, in Highlandville, a child, which was soon named Lucie Avery Carter. Her childhood was uneventful, that is, she had no great mishap, as for instance, tumbling into a pailful of hot water and being scalded. At the prescribed age she entered the Avery school and passed through its different grades. She graduated from the grammar school at the age of thirteen, and entered the high school in '97 with the class which graduates

this year. Of her various studies the languages have received most of her effort and attention, of which, in her opinion, French is the best, although she has enjoyed Greek very much. It is her desire to continue her studies after she has graduated.

\*  
\* \*

In that part of Needham noted for its scenery, Charles River Village, Florence Theresa Hutchinson was born on the third day of May, 1876. At the age of six she

began to attend the Parker school.' After having attended that school until her grammar year, she went to the Kimball grammar and entered the Needham high school in the fall of 1891. In this school she says that she has spent four of the happiest years of her school life. Of her different studies she has enjoyed most her German.

\*  
\* \*

On the fifteenth day of May, 1875, the sun rose with more than his usual splendor on the spires of the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., as if to cheer and encourage Frederic Mortimore de Lesdernier in the race of life upon which he was just entering. For five years he ran this race in that city and in New York, when, making a spurt, he reached the town of Needham, Mass. When seven years of age he entered the Kimball primary school, and later the intermediate school, and still later he attended a private school for about a year, finally returning to the public schools of the town. He has been a faithful and earnest student, always wanting to know the "why" and "wherefore" of every problem, whether mathematical, chemical or general.

\*  
\* \*

Edith Mabel Lord was born on the fifteenth day of December, 1877, in Needham, in the house situated on Garden street where she now resides. When six years of age she began her school life, and at the age of thirteen entered the high school, of which she has been a regular attendant, being absent but two days in the entire course. She has devoted a considerable portion of her time outside of school hours to the study of music. A classmate says of her that her chief characteristic is go-aheadativeness and a faculty of bringing things to pass. Although noted for her good behaviour, her natural tendencies toward merriment and fun, often overcome her, and her reputation for good deportment is sometimes put to extreme hazard.

\*  
\* \*

The "heart of the Commonwealth," gen-

erally known as the city of Worcester, was on the fourth day of November, 1878, thrown into a state of feverish excitement when it was announced that Charlotte Helen Lovell had begun her mortal career. Here for four years she labored, endeavoring to persuade the world to turn over a new leaf, at the end of which time she removed to Medfield, taking her parents with her, and has continued in the same line of effort as in Worcester to the present time. She entered the Kimball high school, Needham, in September, 1891, and has pursued the even tenor of her way, no startling incidents or events having marked her high school course.

\*  
\* \*

On the fifteenth day of March, 1767, Andrew Jackson was born, but what was that compared with what happened just one hundred and ten years later to a day, when Linnie Maria Newell made her advent upon the stage of mortal life. Born in Medfield she "whiled away the tedious hours" until she arrived at the age of five years, when her parents removed to Needham, and a year later she began her school life in the Dwight school, where she remained until fourteen years of age, when she entered the high school with the class of '95. By her gentle disposition and affability she has won the regard of her schoolmates. Notwithstanding the long distance she has been obliged to walk, her punctuality and promptness have given proof that she had a motive in view, that of graduating as one of the best scholars of her class.

\*  
\* \*

As near as the date can be fixed at the present time, it was on Sunday morning, October 13, 1878, as Aurora was leading forth her train above High Rock, there appeared above Needham's horizon a child who was to be known to the world ("and the rest of mankind") as Joseph Stanton. The first five years of his life were spent in preparation for entrance to the Parker school, which he entered and where he remained until the fall of '91, when he began his course in the Needham high school.

At one time in the course of preparation for the high school he, deeming it best to omit nothing in the way of thorough work, took a plunge bath in a tank of boiling water. This feature of preparation will not be required of candidates for admission to the high school hereafter, although in this instance it undoubtedly stimulated a natural aptitude for droll sayings and witty composition. Stanton is a favorite in the school, and "may his shadow never be less."

\*  
\* \*

The twentieth of April, 1874, is memorable as the birthday of Clarissa May Sutton, who entered this life weighing about two and one-half pounds. She was born in Highlandville, and was regarded as a curiosity by the neighbors, one person saying, "She is hardly worth raising." She continued to grow however until at the age of six months she weighed nine and one-half pounds. The next three months she doubled her weight, and so ceased to be regarded as other than an ordinary child. In her second year she removed to Warren street, Needham, where she has since resided. She entered the primary school at the age of five, but the early years of her school life were very much broken by ill health. In her eleventh year she attended school all winter, but in the following spring was afflicted with an illness from which recovery seemed impossible, and nearly two years elapsed before she was again seen within a school building. When once more she entered upon school life she was able to attend quite regularly, and was admitted to the high school in June, 1891. She has greatly enjoyed her high school studies, and has also kept on with an outside course of music. In the year 1893, while visiting in Braintree, the house at which she was staying was struck by lightning, shattering the chimney and filling her room with smoke and debris. Shortly after she was in a railroad accident at Newton Highlands, but fortunately in both cases escaped uninjured. It remains to be seen whether these hair-breadth escapes point to an early death or presage a brilliant career.

Carrie Louise Whipple was born in Charlestown on November 18, 1875. In the year 1877 her parents removed to South Boston, where they remained until she was seven years old. At the age of six she entered the Gaston school in South Boston, which she attended one year. In 1883 she moved to Needham, which since that time has been her home. Her early school days, especially those comprising the grammar school course of studies, were broken and interrupted by illness, but notwithstanding this drawback, in the fall of 1891, having successfully passed the examination, she entered the high school.

\*  
\* \*

On the 61st anniversary of Macdonough's victory on Lake Champlain, Austina M. Whittemore was born in the town of Needham, Mass. At the age of seven she entered the primary school of this town. School life went on smoothly until one day while attending the grammar school, a classmate having left the room, Miss W. thought she would hide the ruler belonging to this classmate, so reaching to the desk behind her she grasped the ruler and pulled, when, alas, the entire contents of the desk fell to the floor, books and papers flying in every direction, causing a great disturbance. Miss W. was exiled for the rest of the session. In 1891 she entered the High school with the class of '95.

---

#### Characteristics of the Class of 1895.

LUCIE A. CARTER:

"And French she spake full fayre and fetisly,  
And the scole of Stratford atte bowe,  
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe."

—Canterbury Tales.

FLORENCE T. HUTCHINSON:

"She holds the eel of science by the tail."

—Pope's Dunciad.

FREDERICK M. DE LESDERNIER :

"In arguing, too, his classmates owned his skill,  
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still,  
While words of learned length and thundering sound,  
Amazed the gazing (students) ranged around."

—Deserted Village.

EDITH M. LORD :

"By labor and intent study (which I  
take to be my portion in this life), joined  
with the strong propensity of nature, I  
might perhaps leave something so written  
to after times, as they should not willingly  
let it die."

—Milton.

C. HELEN LOVELL :

"Beholding the bright countenance of  
truth in the quiet and still air of delightful  
studies.

—Milton.

LINNIE M. NEWELL :

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

—Deserted Village.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

—Fielding.

JOSEPH STANTON :

"We grant, although he has much wit,  
He is not shy of using it."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"He knows what's what, and that's as high  
As metaphysic wit can fly."

—Hudibras.

CLARISSA M. SUTTON :

"She will discourse most eloquent music."

—Hamlet.

CARRIE L. WHIPPLE :

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

—Gay's Fables.

AUSTINA M. WHITEMORE :

"A poet soaring in the high reason of  
her fancies with her garland and singing  
robes about her."

—Milton.

## The Last Lesson.

[From the French.]

One morning I was late in going to school, and was very much afraid of being scolded, all the more since Monsieur Hamel had told us that he should question us on participles, and I did not know the first word about them. For a moment, the idea came to me to stay away from school, and to take my course across the fields. The weather was warm and pleasant! Black-birds were singing on the borders of the woods, and on the low ground behind the sawmill the Prussians were drilling.

All this attracted me much more than rules about participles, but I had strength to resist it, and I ran quickly toward the school-house. On passing in front of the house of the mayor, I saw some people who had stopped before the little bulletin board which was covered with an iron grating. For two years this had been the place from which all our bad news had come, of battles lost, of requisitions, of orders from headquarters; and I thought without stopping, "What is the matter now?" Then as I ran across the square, the blacksmith Wachter, who was reading the poster in company with his apprentice, called out to me, "Do not run so fast, little boy, you will reach your school in plenty of season."

I thought that he was making fun of me, and all out of breath I entered the little yard of Monsieur Hamel. Usually at the beginning of the lesson, a great deal of noise arose which was heard even in the street, caused by the opening and shutting of desks, the lessons which all were repeating aloud together, covering their ears to study better, and the noise of the great rule of the master which he rapped on the desk saying: "Silence!" I was relying upon this noise for gaining my seat without being seen; but truly that day everything was as quiet as on a Sunday morning. Through the open window, I saw my comrades already ranged in their places, and Monsieur Hamel walking to and fro with the terrible "Rod of iron" under his arm. I must open the door and go in, in the

midst of that great calm. I do not know whether I blushed or whether I was afraid.

Ah well! no. Monsieur Hamel looked at me without anger, and said to me gently, "Go quickly to your place, my little Frantz; we were going to begin without you." (I stepped over the bench), and immediately seated myself at my desk. Then having recovered somewhat from my fright, I noticed that our master had on his best green coat, his fine pleated ruffle and his cap of black embroidered silk, which he wore only on inspection days or days for the distribution of prizes. Indeed the whole class had a strange and solemn appearance. But what surprised me most was to see seated in the back part of the room, on the benches which were usually empty, the people of the village, who were as silent as we, among them old Hauser with his cocked hat, the former mayor, the former postmaster, and some others. Every one seemed sad, and Hauser was holding an old primer, eaten about the edges, on his knees with his great spectacles lying across the pages.

While I was wondering at all this Monsieur Hamel had taken his chair, and in the same gentle and sad voice with which he had received me he said to us: "My children, this is the last lesson that I shall give you. The order has come from Berlin to henceforth teach only German in the schools of Alsace and of Lorraine. The new master will be here tomorrow. Today is your last lesson in French. I pray you be attentive." These few words overwhelmed me. Wretches! That was what they had posted up at the mayor's house. My last lesson in French! And I should should never learn then. I must stop here. How I wished now for the time I had lost, for the lessons I had missed while hunting for bird's nests and making slides on the Sarre. My books which a moment ago had seemed so troublesome and heavy to carry, my grammar and my sacred history, now seemed old friends to me which it would give me much pain to part with. It was so with Monsieur Hamel. The thought that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget the punishments which he had inflicted upon me.

Poor man! It was in honor of this last lesson that he had put on his best Sunday clothes, and now I understood why these people of the village were sitting in the back part of the room. It seemed to me that they regretted not having come oftener to the school. It was their way of thanking our master for his forty years of good service, and of paying respect to their fatherland which was passing away.

I was at this point in my reflections when I heard my name called; it was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to have been able to give the whole of that famous rule about participles very loudly and clearly, without a mistake! But I stumbled over the first words, and remained standing balancing myself on my bench with a beating heart, without raising my head. I heard Monsieur Hamel saying to me: "I shall not scold you, my little Frantz, you must be punished enough already. This is how it is. Every day one says to himself: 'Oh I have plenty of time, I will study tomorrow.' And then you see what comes. It has been the great misfortune of our Alsace to be always putting off its instruction till tomorrow. Now those people are in the right in saying to us: 'How is this! You pretend to be French and you can neither speak nor write your own language!' In all this, my poor Frantz, you are not the only one to blame. We all have a good share of reproaches to make to ourselves, your parents have not been anxious enough about your instruction. They have liked better to send you to work in the field or the mill, in order that they might have more money. Then, too, have I nothing for which to reproach myself? Have I not often had you water my garden instead of studying? And when I wished to go fishing for trout did I hesitate to give you a holiday?" Then from one thing to another Monsieur Hamel began to talk to us about the French language, saying that it was the finest language of the world. The dearest, the strongest, that we must guard it among us and never forget it, "because," said he, "when people fall into bondage, so long as they keep their language, it is as if they held the key of their

prison. Then he took a grammar and read our lesson to us. I was astonished to see how well I understood it. Everything that he said seemed easy to me. I also thought that I had never listened so well and with so much patience to his explanations. One might have said that before going away, the poor man wished to give us all his knowledge, and to make it enter our heads all at once.

The lesson being finished, we took up our writing. For that day Monsieur Hamel had prepared new copies for us, on which were written in a fine round hand: France, Alsace! France, Alsace! You should have seen how each one applied himself; and what a silence. Nothing was to be heard but the scratching of the pens on the paper. Once some June-bugs came in, but no one paid any attention to them, not even the very little boys, who were applying themselves to tracing their straight lines with a heart and a conscience as if they too were French.

Pigeons were cooing on the roof of the school-house, and I said to myself on hearing them; "Will they not oblige them also to coo in German?" From time to time, when I lifted my eyes from my page, I saw Monsieur Hamel, sitting motionless in his chair, and fixing his eyes on the objects about him as if he wished to carry away the whole of the little school-house in his mind.

Think of it! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his yard in front of him, and his class also. Only the desks had become polished by use. The nut trees in the yard had grown, and the hop-vine which he himself had planted, now twined about the windows as far as the roof. What a grief it was to this poor man to leave all this, and to hear his sister who was coming and going in the room above, shutting their trunks! For they were going away the next day, to leave their country forever!

However he had courage to give us our lessons to the end. After the writing we had a lesson in history. Then the little boys all sang their Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu. At the further end of the room sat old Hauser,

who had put on his spectacles, and was holding his dictionary in both of his hands; he was spelling his letters with them. His voice trembled with emotion, and it was so droll to hear him that we all wished to both laugh and cry. I shall never forget that last lesson.

Suddenly the church clock struck the noon hour. Then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians who were returning from drill, sounded through the windows. Monsieur Hamel rose very pale from his chair. Never had he looked so grand to me. "My friends," said he, "I—I—" but something choked him; he could not finish the sentence.

Then he turned toward the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and bearing on with all his might, he wrote as large as he could, "Vive La France!" Then he stood there resting his head against the wall, and without speaking, he made a sign to us with his hand: "It is finished—Go away."

---

#### The Advantages of a Good Education.

How often, even in these enlightened days of the nineteenth century, we hear some foolish people say, "I don't see much use in spending a lot of money in getting a fine education. It seems to me that people who can only read and write get along just about as well as those who have been through college." We are sure that it is always an ignorant person who gives utterance to such a remark, for no one who has had a good education could be so blind to the importance of it.

In the first place an education is to be desired because it helps us make our mark in the world. A young man in these days who is trying to find a situation meets with much discouragement if not utter failure, if he has not, at least, a fair education. An inquiry into the amount of knowledge he has acquired, is sure to be one of the first questions put to him, and it is not now confined to young men alone, for it is the same with hundreds of young women who seek employment as book-keepers, school-teachers, and the like.

Then, too, looking at education in a moral light, does it not generally make a better and nobler people of us? Is not the nation whose people are the best educated sure to be ahead of one which has no such advantages? We all know that the United States is one of the leading nations of this world, and it seems reasonable to say, that one cause at least, is because Uncle Sam gives to all his children so liberal an education. There is not a child in Massachusetts, for instance, who can not have one, as education is compulsory, and when the children have arrived at an age when education is no longer compulsory, many of the towns still offer free to them the advantages of the high school; schools from which so many boys and girls graduate; well started in life if they have but made good use of their opportunities.

The "society" of our largest cities and towns is usually made up of well-educated people, although we find exceptions to this rule, as to all others. But what would so-called "society" become, if rich but uneducated, ignorant people composed it? We can hardly imagine. By education, also, we secure personal happiness. We read, and become acquainted with prominent authors, and many of the happiest hours of our lives are spent in reading and study.

If we have had the benefit of a good education we may help others on in life who have not had such advantages as we, and so aid them in securing what we have obtained.

Remembering these things, let us each make the best of what advantages we have toward getting what is called "a good education."

---

A senior is a senior—

Sub-seniors "subs" call they;

An "ex" is an ex-junior,

But a junior is a "j."

---

What is the difference between the Wilson Bill and taking up tacks?

Income tax in one and out-come tax in the other.

### Life, and What We Make of it.

---

What is life? Physiologically speaking, life is that condition of animals and plants in which their natural motions and functions are performed. But surely human life means something more than a state in which we breathe, eat, drink, and sleep. Life is a divine gift, and should be regarded as such. It should be our constant aim to make our lives as perfect as possible, using the talents with which God has blessed us in the direction in which we can accomplish the most good.

Our country's history affords us many examples of lives worthy of our admiration, notably those of Washington and Lincoln, who were pre-eminently self-made men. Washington, from the humble position of a land surveyor, by his military genius and wise statesmanship, rose to be the greatest man in the land, and is today enshrined in the hearts of the people as the "Father of his country." Lincoln, although his early youth was spent in almost absolute poverty, with few or no educational opportunities, yet by his perseverance and industry surmounted all obstacles in his path and acquired an education. His slumbering genius aroused, he rose to prominence and was elected to the presidency. In this position he proved to be God's chosen agent to preserve the union and emancipate the slave.

Thus it will be seen that the directing of our lives depends in a great measure on ourselves. Of course the circumstances and influences which surround us have much to do with our character. A person reared in the midst of poverty and vice would not naturally be so refined and pure as one reared in the midst of affluence and culture. But intellect, honesty and integrity are not confined to any rank or station, for we often hear of men, moving in the highest circles, presumably rich and of the highest integrity, becoming insolvent and fraudulently appropriating moneys entrusted to their keeping. On the contrary we hear and read of men brought up in comparative poverty, displaying the greatest intellectual abilities, scientific knowledge and business probity. As an example of the latter class

we may mention Franklin, Garfield and Peabody.

In order to make our lives successful, we must be energetic, persevering and honest. Energy, though necessary, is of little use without perseverance. A person may start out in life full of enthusiastic energy and hopeful of success. But if after awhile his hopes are without fruition, unless he has perseverance, his enthusiasm will wane, and his life be wasted.

But energy allied to perseverance needs yet another adjunct. No man, no matter what qualities he possesses, can hope to win the confidence of his fellowmen without honesty.

Possessed of the foregoing qualities a man would be almost assured of business success and public prosperity, and more than certain of the most valuable thing in life, character.

#### Courses of Study in the Needham High School.

*Adopted Sept. 4, 1894.*

##### FIRST YEAR.

Latin, or French, or German,	4P
English,	4P
Algebra,	4P
History,	3P

##### SECOND YEAR.

Latin, or French, or German,	3P
Greek, or History,	3P
English,	3P
Geometry,	3P
Physics,	3P

##### THIRD YEAR.

Latin, or German, or French,	3P
Greek, or History,	3P
English,	3P
Astronomy (1-2 year) }	
Botany (1-2 year) }	3P
Mathematics { Algebra (1-2 year) }	
{ Geometry (1-2 year) }	3P

##### FOURTH YEAR.

Latin, or German, or French,	3P
Greek, or { Physiology (1-2 year) }	
{ Geology (1-2 year) }	3P
Chemistry,	3P
History,	3P
English,	3P

##### EXPLANATIONS.

The "p" at the right refers to periods or recitations. Each course requires 3 periods of work a day, or 15 periods a week.

The foregoing outline presents four distinct courses of study of four years each, as follows:

I. The Classical, consisting of three foreign languages (two ancient and one modern), English, Mathematics, History (2 years) and Science.

II. The Latin Scientific, consisting of two foreign languages (one ancient and one modern), English, Mathematics, History and Science.

III. The Modern Language Course, consisting of two foreign languages (both modern), English, Mathematics, History and Science.

IV. English Course, consisting of one foreign language (ancient or modern), English, Mathematics, History and Science.

##### TERMS FOR 1895-96.

First, from Sept. 3 to Dec. 20, 1895.

Second, from Dec. 30, 1895, to April 3, 1896.

Third, from April 11, 1896, to June 26, 1896.

##### TUITION.

For students from other towns, \$1.00 a week, payable each half term in advance.

The first American college paper was published at Dartmouth college, entitled the Dartmouth Gazette.

In England one in 5000 attends college; in Scotland one in 650; in Germany one in 213; in the United States one in 200.

THE  
High School Advocate,

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE  
NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

F. M. DE LESDERNIER.

ASSISTANT EDITORS:

'95.  
LUCIE A. CARTER, C. HELEN LOVELL,

'96.  
ALICE M. TWIGG, IRVING SOUTHWORTH.

'97.  
EMILY E. WILLETT, ROY C. SOUTHWORTH

SUBSCRIPTION EDITORS:

'98.  
ADAH G. FULLER, CARLETON G. MCINTOSH.

BUSINESS MANAGER:

WINTHROP M. SOUTHWORTH.

ASSISTANT, EDITH WILLGOOSE.

Please send all exchanges to Roy C. Southworth, Needham, Mass.

Address all business communications to Winthrop M. Southworth, Needham, Mass.

GEORGE W. SOUTHWORTH, PRINTER, CHRONICLE OFFICE, NEEDHAM.

WITH this volume, the Advocate again comes to its readers, and those to whom it comes, by receiving it, show again their interest in the school and the paper connected with it. We hope for the paper this year that same commendation and appreciation of merit that has ever been with the editors and all those connected it in the past.

We trust that in the present issue we have not only not fallen below, but that we have taken a step forward, though it indeed be a small one of the standard of excellence attained to in the preceding issues. But our desires rest not alone with the present, for we look forward into the near future, when it is sincerely hoped that the school as a whole, realizing its abilities and arising to its opportunities, will publish the Advo-

cate monthly; for although the labor involved, it is true, would be somewhat more, still the value received from such a course would be much more comparatively, both to those occupied in its accomplishment and to those who would use its pages as a means of advertising, as well as to those to whom it would come, than is the case with an annual paper, equal in excellence to any school paper, and thus take its place in the foremost rank of school journalism. With these few words we present for the fifth time our annual publication, requesting that it receive the favor and support which has been so heartily extended in the past.

DURING the past ten years, the course of study in the high school has been improved and enlarged, but at the end of the school year which closed in June, 1894, there were still deficiencies in a number of the studies, also a number of the sciences which, with the course then in use, it was impossible to teach, as for instance botany and geology, unless some other study was dropped. Not only was this so, but the student was restricted in the number of other studies that he could pursue without doing extra work. During the summer vacation a new course of study was prepared, consisting of four separate courses, which allows the student far more freedom in the choice of studies than formerly.

The course of study which has been in operation the past year will be found on the preceding page.

WE desire in some way to at least endeavor to show our appreciation of the interest taken by those who have aided us in so great a measure in the publication of the Advocate for the year 1895, by consenting to insert their advertisements in our paper, and so take this opportunity. We hope that they may receive substantial returns as a result of their liberality, and that before another year has come may have decided that it was a sound busi-

ness investment as well as an aid to the promotion of a good cause. We have decided this year to publish as complete a report as possible of the business manager, in order that all those interested in the financial part of the paper may be enabled to gain an idea of the expense involved in the publication of the paper. We refer those desiring to obtain this information to the back part of the paper.

THE front cover of the '94 Advocate was a combination of the school color, silver grey, and purple, one of the colors of the senior class. But as the colors of the class of '95 did not blend harmoniously with the school color, and the preference seemed to be in favor of the colors of the senior class rather than the school color with some other, it was decided to have the cover of the Advocate in the colors of '95, which are Nile-green and pink. It was but a short time after this when the idea was conceived of having a designed cover instead of having a cover similar to those of preceding years, but on making inquiries we learned that it would cost more than it was thought wise to spend in this way. For this reason it seemed as if the idea would have to be given up, leaving it to be carried out under more favorable circumstances at some future time. Happily our business manager obtained a design which forms the foundation of the design upon the cover of the Advocate for '95. Through the kindness and artistic skill of Charles B. Moseley of the class of '96, with whom the inner design is wholly original, the idea has, as we believe, been brought to a most successful result and far beyond the expectations of everyone connected with the paper.

"Only a lock of golden hair,"

The lover wrote. "Perchance tonight  
It formeth on her pillow fair  
A halo bright."

"Only a lock of golden hair,"

The maiden, smiling, sweetly said,  
As she laid it over the back of a chair  
And went to bed.

### A Salute to Our Flag.

With the first of September our flag floats over the school-house every day, or if the weather be unfavorable, it will be displayed within, according to the law recently passed by the legislature. Since last September it has been raised only on certain flag days, such as the adoption of the constitution, birthdays of great men, etc. These days have been so arranged that, even including the stormy days, for which no provision has been made, the banner has floated less than a quarter of the time. This arrangement has been very unsatisfactory, to the scholars of the high school at least, who, as they started the subscription which bought the flag, felt that they should have something to say in the matter. It was said that the scholars would regard the raising of the flag as an everyday matter if it was unfurled every day, and that by having it raised on certain days only and a composition or recitation upon the event commemorated would do more toward awakening patriotism in the scholars. It seems our legislators think differently. I think a very simple way to surmount this difficulty would be to have a salute, by all the schools, to the flag just before the opening session of the lower grades. It would take only a short time from the high school studies and recitations, and if all were done in an orderly and soldierly manner, no harm could result. Would it not be a very attractive sight to see two hundred or more scholars saluting "Old Glory" as it was unfurled over the building? This is fast becoming a very general custom, and it seems to me, a good one. If the committee decide that it would be too much of an interruption to the high school, it could be arranged that they should have a separate salute before their session, and the other grades follow under direction of one of the older boys or the teachers. Can this not be arranged?

Astronomy is 1 derful,

And interesting, 2 ;

The ear 3 volves around the sun,

Which makes a year 4 you.

## Quid Nos de Aliis Putamus.

The Washingtonian Vancouver, Washington, is a bright little paper, which comes to us regularly.

The Radiator, New Haven, Conn., is one of our best exchanges.

The Melrose High School Life contains some very interesting articles.

During the past year many exchanges to whom we regularly send the Advocate have come marked "Please Exchange." If these would bear in mind that we publish our paper only once a year, they would see they are not forgotten.

The essay on "Christmas," by Zeno Zadok, in the Camden Echo, is excellent.

Among our best exchanges are the Lyman High School Gazette, Dorchester High School Item, Springfield Recorder, New Haven Fence and the Saco Tripod.

The Oracle, Bellows Falls, Vt., has a very pretty design for a cover.

The Radiator of New Haven, Conn., has decided to cut down its exchange list, keeping only the best.

The Advocate has not been dropped.

The Castoria High School Quill should have an exchange department.

## Fin de Siecle Proverbs.

Every two is not a pair.

Study little, stay here long.

A bird in the bush gathers no moss.

If at first you don't succeed try short-stops.

Procrastination is the mother of invention.

People who live in ice-houses shouldn't throw cold hands.

## Clippings.

"Clothes do not make a man," nor does the number of books a pupil carries home show how much he studies.—Ex.

FORCIBLY.

"Do I bore you?" asked the mosquito, politely, as he sunk a half-inch shaft into the man's arm.

"Not at all," replied the man, squashing him with a book. "How do I strike you?"—Ex.

"Can you tell me the signs of the zodiac?"

"By Gemini, I Cancer."—Ex.

Student (translating). Cæsar omnibus completis in Galliam summa diligentia prospectus est. "Cæsar, the omnibus being full, set out for Gaul on the top of a diligence."—Ex.

They mean to rear tall students out in Wisconsin. A local paper says, "Its board of education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred pupils, three stories high."—Melrose High School Life.

Teacher—"James, you may define the word salt."

James (aged eight)—"Salt is the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put on any."—High School Gazette.

Old lady (about to pass before an electric car)—"If I step on this rail will I get a shock?"

Motorman—"No, madam, not unless you put your other foot on the trolley wire."—Beacon.

First boy—"There comes my father with his brother, and yet he isn't my uncle; how can that be?"

Second boy—"By lying."—New Haven Radiator.

A bright scholar said that he could prove  $1=2$ . Here is the proof:  $1=2-1$ ; adding  $-1$  to both sides,  $1-1=2-2$ ; dividing both sides by  $1-1$ ,  $1=2$ .—Rochester High School Item.

\* \*

We have longingly waited and watched for our "direct descendant," The High School Advocate, Needham, Mass.—Wellesley High School Index.

This is a question of lineage we would like to have explained.

\* \*

Circus man (hunting for stray elephant)—"Say, have you seen a strange animal round here?"

Farmer—"Well, I reckon I have, by gosh. I have seen an injy rubber bull, pulling up carrots with his tail."—Ex.

\* \*

An old lady in Washington said she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from, until she saw in a New England town a large sign, "The Smith Manufacturing Co."—Melrose High School Life.

\* \*

Housekeeper—"Time to get up, Bridget. The early bird catches the worm."

Voice from attic—"If the worm hadn't got up airly it would niver have been caught. Niver!"

\* \*

"I've got the best of this old corporation for onct in me life."

"How's that, Pat?"

"I've bought a round trip ticket to New York and back, and (in a whisper) I ain't comin' back."—Melrose High School Life.

\* \*

We heartily agree with the sentiment expressed in the High School Advance in regard to the popular "mixture of Latin-English poetry with a strong flavor of the dative plural." You all know by this time what that means. It is certainly an awful "chestnut."—New Haven Fence.

Just our sentiments.

"At Harvard for fifty years, no smoker has been graduated with first honors."—Ex.

\* \*

Haughty lady (who has just purchased a stamp)—"Must I put it on myself?"

Stamp clerk—"Not necessarily. It will probably accomplish more if you put it on the letter."—Melrose High School Life.

\* \*

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of his teacher.

"No, my son," replied the wise man; "It was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."—Melrose High School Life.

\* \*

The Monroe doctrine was recently defined as follows: "The United States would consider it an unfriendly act on the part of a foreign nation to declare war against it."—Windmill.

\* \*

Understood without comment—"Our priu-  
tears Have \$truck; We are SejinG the tpye  
ourselF. It is æsy enough!"—Outlok.

\* \*

A boy in one of the Germantown public schools wrote a composition on King Henry the VIII. It read as follows: "King Henry the 8 was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Annie Domino in the year 1066. He had 510 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and afterwards executed, and the 2nd was revoked. Henry the 8 was succeeded on the throne by Mary Queen of Scots, his great grandmother, sometimes called Lady of the Lake, or Lay of the Last Mint-strel."—Ex.

\* \*

A troupe of players were giving King Richard III. at a small town when the following scene ensued:

Richard—"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse."

A voice from the gallery—"Won't a donkey do as well?"

Richard—"Aye, sure, come you down this minute."—Ex.

### Charity for the Faults of Others.

---

What is charity? It is a disposition to put a favorable interpretation on the conduct or weaknesses of others. In law it is anything left by will for destitute people, free schools, or the founding of charitable institutions. Other meanings are love, kindness and affection, but none applies to the meaning used in this sense as sympathy. It comes from the same Latin and Greek words as "love" on account of their equivalence in meaning. But in modern use, charity has come almost exclusively to signify one particular manifestation of love, that is, the supply of the bodily needs of others, while love more the affections of the soul. It is derived from the Latin noun *caritas*.

Very seldom do we meet people who have this trait of "charity for the faults of others." People are accustomed to make unkind remarks, criticizing their friend's manners, and talking about their peculiarities. Do such remarks as these signify this trait in character? Those who have attained such a character as this trait requires will overlook the slight faults and failings of others and bring to light the fineness of their character. In doing this we not only make the reputation of others better, but keep selfish thoughts from our own hearts.

As I was coming from New York to Fall River on one of the sound steamers about two years ago, I was standing in the pilot house while the captain pointed out to me the places of interest. Not far out of New York harbor on the right is an island called Blackwell's Island. It is covered with immense buildings and some handsome trees. To this beautiful place, the people of New York and Brooklyn send their insane, poor and inebriate. What brought many of these people to their present condition but selfishness? What would become of them were it not for the charity of their more fortunate friends? They have shown their sympathy for them by erecting these buildings.

Then again there is the Keeley Cure. Was it not for the faults of the inebriate

that this institution was founded? There are many of these charitable institutions in the world. Charity, diffusing its blessing, is like the sun imparting light and heat to every part of the earth, every part, however distant, feeling its influence.

---

### The Ministration of the Newspaper.

---

I do not think there is any one thing that has helped to elevate the popular mind, excepting the public schools, as the newspapers; for we may read in today's daily paper of incidents of interest that happened but yesterday, in foreign nations, as well as those that occur in our own country.

In this way the mind of the masses is enlarged, broadened and enlightened. A person reading of the doings and misdoings of the great men of the day are inspired or warned as the case may be, and they are encouraged to become as great, and do as great things for the world, as those of whom they read.

But there is a bad influence as well as a good one in reading the newspapers.

The people who subscribe to only one or two papers get the opinion of but a single person, or at most a few persons, the editors, and so upon the great questions of the day, and at election time the public is very apt to know only one side of the question, and the editor has more control over the public than one would suppose it possible for one man to have.

For all this the newspaper is a great educator. If a person has but a very limited knowledge of reading, spelling and writing, he may in a comparatively short time be a well-informed person. But, as I said before, one must take a number of papers and not accept for truth all he reads, but must think for himself. He can read articles on history, science, literature, and, in fact, almost all subjects. All the political questions of the world are discussed, and the changes in the legislation made note of. He may see articles on travel and exploration, and so without going to the expense himself he can obtain a limited knowledge of different countries.

Besides the great city daily newspapers there are many country newspapers. In fact, almost every town has its local paper. Most of them are very good, but some are mere reflections from some daily paper that the editor admires.

---

#### The Schools of Long Ago.

---

The school-houses of long ago were very different from what they are now. Many of them were made of logs and situated where four roads met, so that it would be convenient for the pupils to reach the building. Most school-houses were built square and therefore received the name of "knowledge boxes."

The scholars sat together on long benches. A dunce-stool was placed near the master's desk, and anyone making a disturbance was obliged to take this seat and have the dunce-cap placed upon his head.

The principal studies were reading, writing and arithmetic, which the people called the three "R's." The teachers were very particular about the scholars' writing, and at that time the style was to use a great deal of flourishing and shading. Many of the scholars were so proficient in this respect that their writing could be as easily read as type-writing is now. It was the custom for a pupil to write a piece of poetry as soon as he was able and to write the same piece every year, in his best writing, signing his name and writing his age, so as to show how quickly he improved in writing. Instead of having steel pens they used quills, which the teacher sharpened with a knife. Our "pen-knife" derived its name from the knife, with which the teacher sharpened the quills or pens.

One of the exciting times of the year was when two schools met at one of the school-houses in the evening to have a spelling-match, and the parents and friends came to look on. Generally one school would spell against the other so as to see which school had the best spellers.

Many of the conveniences we have now were never heard of then. The schools did

not furnish books, paper, pencils, nor any of the necessary articles for school work. It is said that in some localities, families having a certain reader would have their children put into the class that used that reader in order not to have to buy another book.

The following incident gives a good idea of the ignorance of some of the masters of long ago:

A boy read from a book, "He leaned against the tree." Being asked what the sentence meant, the boy replied, "He leaned agin it." "No," said the master, "It means he assumed a recumbent posture against the tree."

We must not suppose, however, that all the schoolmasters were of this type, for we know that some of our greatest men and women owe their success in life, in no little measure, to the schools of long ago.

---

#### The Benefit of History.

---

In order to fully appreciate the advantages of the present age, it is necessary to study history, and compare past ages with those in which we live. First, to appreciate freedom, we should read of countries where men were held in bondage. Next, to appreciate liberty, we must read of tyranny.

Some of the objects of history are to show us the causes of improvement, to reanimate the past, and to point out past errors as warnings for the actions of the present age. Every past event in history is of interest to us, as it helps to throw light upon present life.

Our present prosperity is not due to our own great powers, but is the result of the gradual advance in civilization, the experience of past ages, and the progress of events. If we could look back to the time of the American Revolution, we should find that the Americans had to carry on a severe war to obtain their liberty; and, although the people looked with terror at the war, yet it proved a blessing in disguise, as it led us to form a more perfect union, and gradually to advance in civilization.

It was once the custom to have slaves,

which were often cruelly treated by their masters, but it was not many years before reform bills were passed for the abolition of slavery.

In 1833, slavery was abolished in the British colonies. This was due to the energy of one man, William Wilberforce, who for many years devoted himself to the question of emancipation.

Abraham Lincoln, through much bloodshed, freed the slaves of the South. This should make us appreciate our own freedom when we think of how the slaves were once treated.

There have been more inventions made in the last century than in any other in history. Three great inventors are Fulton, who invented the steamboat, Morse, who invented the electric telegraph, and Howe, who invented the sewing machine.

A great many schools have been established, and education has progressed wonderfully. News from foreign countries is published, and people learn a great deal about history by reading.

I think that history is one of the most important of all studies, as it helps people to appreciate their present advantages.

---

### The Scholars of the N. H. S.

---

O, the Needham High School scholars  
Are a brave and gallant host;  
If we had their worth in dollars,  
It would be a sum to boast.

Each has various traits most wond'rous,  
And their bright and witty words  
Made one say in accents thund'rous:  
"Pens are mightier than swords."

But their names, — these are the oddest  
That you ever yet did hear,  
In a nonsense rhyme quite modest  
I will put them all so queer.

In my fancy I'm transported  
Years hence to the woolly West;  
By two black mans I'm escorted.  
Pardon grammar — 'tis a jest.

On the western slope Pacific,  
Meet we juniors, — sight so rare —

But one day, in storm terrific,  
We are caught, as on we fare.

"Ethel, will it stop?" said Bessie;  
Low her voice it was, and sad,  
For no mackintoshes had we,  
And in all our best were clad.

Thus our suits of western wool or  
Cotton, as the case might be,  
Made our cup of woe seem fuller;  
"Aid!" a gay girl shrieks, and see

Who is coming to the rescue!  
'Tis a bell-boy, don't you know,  
One who sat so near the desk you  
Occupied long years ago?

E'en the cross man is delighted,  
When in waterproofs arrayed,  
Home go we, so late affrighted,  
All our fears are now allayed.

"Earn yer laurels," was a motto  
That at school we often said,  
And now many a one said *sotto*  
*Voce*, "Laurels on thy head,"

"Thou bestower of umbrellas  
And of cloaks, so thick and warm,  
Mayst thou meet with gen'rous fellows,  
When skies threaten thee with harm."

\* \* \* \* \*  
Back we come to dear old Needham,  
And in dreamy mood recall  
Those who have like Father Abra'am  
Left home, filled with prospects tall.

And our musings take this fashion,  
Questions mingled with the rest,  
For our love amounts to passion  
For our *Alma Mater* blest:

In 'er nest w'y won't you tarry?  
Gard'ner, ask that sweet-voiced bird,  
If 'tis not o'er soon to marry  
Art, but then I may have erred.

Will he leave his class so doleful?  
Other aims, no doubt has he.  
We shall miss his accents soulful,  
Sad without him we shall be.

One there is whose great ambition  
Was to hie him to the town,  
Ebony, with no addition,  
Gives his name when written down.

To our school two halls were added,  
Welsh the architectural style,  
One with ancient lore was padded,  
One with mischief all the while.

But, alas! fate's ruthless dictates  
 E'en rooms new 'ill sweep away,  
 We should weep, but for our school-mates,  
 Tut, 't 'll never do, they say.

\* \* \* \* \*

When time's sands have years been falling  
 And we greet our schoolmates dear,  
 Each one's words reveals his calling,  
 An example give I here.

If there shall be any Mitchell,  
 Follower of Maria great,  
 Astronomic words and rich'll  
 Greet thus her beloved schoolmate:

Twinkle, twinkle, little Stella,  
 Be less may your shadow ne'er  
 Live on in a shady dell-a  
 Hudson River's made so fair.

Still in language astronomic  
 "Mary, shine!" she will command.  
 To us, suddun, 't will seem comic,  
 Most things do, I understand.

Then she'll say, "I see a planet,  
 Star terrestrial it must be.  
 Is it possible? Say, can it  
 Be McMurdie that I see?"

Then all will recount the stories  
 Of the days since last they met,  
 Of the failures and the glories,  
 Of the gladness and regret.

Schoolmates twain describe a meeting  
 With their *pater* unafraid,  
 Who remarked, "Time is but fleeting,  
 The foundation now is laid."

"Earn 'yer' living; it is 'suttun'  
 That no fortune can be made  
 Unless you 'stick to your mutton,'  
 (French quotation, patent's paid.)"

"And if you continued *pater*  
 Will depend upon the Lord,  
 Love 'll shade from the greater  
 Ills that life will sure afford."

"But if you start off in factions,  
 Then a whip 'll be applied,  
 Not a whit o' more such actions,  
 Or it you will dear abide."

"Disregard my earnest pleading,  
 Farm and carters must you keep,  
 Don't ask me, whate'er you're needing,  
 As you sow, so must you reap."

"To this plain talk owe we fortune,  
 Gratitude our hearts doth fill,  
 And still *pater* we importune  
 To make known to us his will."

Still another tells his story  
 On that bright reunion day,  
 Stanton brave portrays the glory  
 He has gained, in slangy way:

"Once I met three fellows jolly  
 From the South, worth piles of chink,  
 We had lots of fun, by Golly,  
 More than you can guess or think."

"Also met we a descendant  
 Of great Vulcan, smith so fine,  
 And we formed a plan resplendent  
 On great Mars to dig a mine."

"So we started without long fuss,  
 Southworths, Stanton, Smith and Co.,  
 Burn the bridges all behind us!  
 We are off, away we go!"

"We arrive at length quite tired,  
 And at first we did abhor  
 Rocks geologists admired,  
 But bright gold was at the core."

"So we dug and lived all cosily.  
 'Will it pay? Say, here's a go,'  
 Southworth said one day to Moseley,  
 (He's a member of the Co.)"

"Parmenter was also present,  
 The machinery he made,  
 Ellis, too, with face so pleasant,  
 Gilfoil, also, undismayed."

"Of the camp the cook was Edith,  
 Will goose cooked on Mars be good?  
 To such questions answers needeth  
 She, for captious was our mood."

"And she feared she would not please us  
 With her all too-curious food.  
 One day, though, we felt like Cræsus,  
 For John G. cried, 'This is good.'"

"Boys, the water here is r'ily,  
 Bits of gold in it there are,  
 We have followed Ralph so wily,  
 Hitched our wagon to a star."

"Come, our enterprise who'll herald,  
 Now a twig, some day a tree,  
 Stevens, Hutchinson, Fitzgerald,  
 All who're in the companie."

"Come, let's us rejoice together,  
 O'er our lucky, lucky find,

Some fine day in sunny weather  
We will leave old Mars behind."

"Thus we struck it rich," said Stanton,  
Proud in gold from planet Mars,  
And we had to let him rant on  
Till the sun had dimmed the stars.

So I mused upon the future  
And upon the past as well,  
Here's the rhyme—I hope 'twill suit 'yer,'  
Good-bye, there's the dinner bell.

### The Historic Town of Concord.

About twenty miles from Needham is situated the historic town of Concord. Near by is Lexington. The two towns witnessed the battle of Concord and Lexington, the first outbreak of the Revolution.

There is hardly a spot in either of these two towns which does not bring to the mind persons and incidents of historic interest. The first which I will mention is the Thoreau house, or old Thoreau homestead, which is situated on one of the main streets of Concord, but a few steps from the court house.

In this house Henry Thoreau, Nature's poet, was born. Within a few years the house has been remodelled, so that one would hardly suspect from either the outside or the in, that it was built more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago, unless he should go into the kitchen, where above him he would see the large oak beams which bear the marks of the axe. There is also a settle which was used by the Thoreau family.

A short distance from the court house in the opposite direction is Wright's Tavern, a much-visited building and very interesting for a number of reasons, one of which is its age, for it was a flourishing tavern when the red coats marched over the Old North Bridge.

Starting from here and taking our way down the street on which the Thoreau house stands, after a few minutes we come to a low-studded house painted red, and looking at it we see on the right-hand side of the door, about three feet from the ground and near one of the windows, a white dia-

mond about eight inches long, painted on the red body of the house. Inside of this diamond we see a round hole, which was made by a bullet from a musket of one of the British soldiers as they returned the fire which rained on them from houses and from behind stone walls and trees on either side as they were retreating towards Boston.

Leaving this historic as well as interesting spot we continue on our way, and in a few minutes turn into a long avenue on our left, bordered on either side by a double row of pines. Beyond these pines, separated from them by a stone wall, are verdant fields, rich meadows and leafy woods bordering the Concord river, which gleams and sparkles in the sunshine.

On the right-hand side of the avenue are a number of granite posts connected by chains. This marks the spot where lie buried the British soldiers who fell on the 19th of April, 1775.

Before us we see a plain granite obelisk twenty-five feet high, which shows the place where the American soldiers fell. On it is the date, "19th of April, 1775," and these lines by Ralph Waldo Emerson:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;  
Here once th' embattled farmer stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Crossing the arched bridge which marks the spot where stood the Old North Bridge over which the British soldiers marched on that memorable day, we stand before a bronze monument, which represents a minute man with his gun standing beside his plough ready to leave the farm for the battlefield at a minute's notice.

Going from this intensely interesting spot, let us retrace our steps and go in another direction to Sleepy Hollow, the resting place of Concord's best families. What more appropriate name could be given to this place? It is, as its name implies, a hollow between two ridges. A large part of it is laid out in flower beds filled with geraniums and other bright colored flowers. On the ridge, which rises on the opposite side sleep the dead. Here is the last resting place of Ralph Waldo Emerson, marked by a large quartz boulder, and near by that

of Henry Thoreau and Nathaniel Hawthorne, which is surrounded by a hawthorne hedge. After a long search we may perhaps find the grave of Louisa May Alcott, which is marked only by a very simple stone.

Among the other interesting places that we may visit are the Old Manse, the home of Emerson, the house in which Hawthorne lived, the room in which he wrote a number of his books being at the very top of the house, and last, but not least, the house in which are the relics belonging to the Concord Historical Society. This house is almost exactly like the Ames homestead in Needham. By paying a fee of twenty-five cents we gain admittance, and are shown the many valuable relics by an old gentleman who resides in the house, and who has the care of it and its relics. Among them are a number of old-fashioned beds with their hangings and curtains, a spinet of Queen Elizabeth's time, and a chair in which Washington and many others also have sat, for nearly every one who visits the house sits in that chair.

---

#### Locals.

---

—Where is the stereopticon?

—According to Master T—, Dr. S. F. Smith is to be remembered on account of his having written "Home, Sweet Home."

—"If the first Monday should fall on Sunday what then?" asked a scholar in Civil Government.

—One of the members of '97 recently asked if "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" had anything to do with recipes.

—Teacher—"What did Cromwell do?"  
Scholar—"He beat the Dutch."

—Cold Storage—The Kimball school-house about December.

—French class—"Le mourant avait levé les bras," "the dead man raised his arms."

—The business manager offered a prize of one dollar to the subscription editor who should obtain the largest number of subscribers to the Advocate above seventy-five. The largest number up to May 22 had been secured by Carleton McIntosh, he having secured by the aid of one or more of the other scholars one hundred.

—The following new books have been added this year: "The Princess," by Tennyson, "Montgomery's American History" and "Montgomery's English History."

—The school has also received a copy of the Atlas of Massachusetts, from the last state survey.

—There have been fewer signals rung for no school and one session this year than for some time past.

—Why did the teachers allow a whole term to pass without taking a visiting day?

—During the year we have received several visits from Miss Helen Leach and Mrs. Hayward nee Pecker, formerly teachers in the high school.

—A much needed improvement on the high school building is a railing about the flag pole. There is barely room to move about the pole, and on wet or windy days or when it is icy, it is very dangerous to go out there, one has only to raise and lower the flag for a week or two during such weather to appreciate the courage which is still necessary in order that "Old Glory" may still wave in the breeze, on which it floats so gloriously. We can be just as patriotic under less trying conditions, and suggest that this be attended to before another winter.

—The future of the class of '95 has been prophesied as follows:

Some will study music,  
Some will sweep the floor,  
Some will swing the flatiron,  
Some will tend the door.

—For sale—Knee pants in good condition. Apply to Masters A— and Mack—.

—During the year the grammar school has for the most part taken its music lessons with the high school.

—We will be unable to publish a report of the business manager this year as stated in one of the editorials, but hope it will be printed next year.

—It has been the custom this year to have mottoes written on the blackboard every morning. These are to be learned, and it is expected that every scholar will respond to the roll call at the end of the year by repeating one.

—'95 translating French—"And the dead man spoke."

—The sub-seniors, to their great disappointment, have not taken part as orators on public days. Never mind, there's a good time coming.

—Botany class, principal—"Miss L—, show me the plumule of your nut."  
Miss L—"Can't, I've eaten it."

—During the first part of the year spelling matches in the high school were quite frequent, and some of the errors which were made would have been very bad even for scholars who had just entered the grammar school. Although these matches were not continued long, some of the pupils were much benefitted by them.

—We wonder if the fault is entirely with the scholars that better spelling is not prevalent.

—Our clock has been to the watchmaker's!

—The seniors have obtained gold class pins of a very pretty design. They are in the form of a wreath, with the letters N. H. S. in open work in the centre and the figures '95 in gold on a shield enameled in Nile green. The letters also are enameled in Nile green and pink.

—A miniature garden has been placed in the laboratory, for the benefit of the botany class.

—Why shouldn't the exchanges be kept at school and give the scholars a chance to see them?

—The desks in the recitation room may make good lunch counters, but they ought to brush the crumbs off.

—On coming back to school after the spring vacation, one of the scholars noticing that the floor had been washed, exclaimed: "They have been house-cleaning."

—One of the English class of '96 in reciting Hamlet's famous soliloquy, appropriately left off at "No more."

—Greater care should be taken in raising and lowering the flag, as it has been torn several times. Could we not have a color guard as they do in a great many schools?

—The remark of Miss S—, '95—"We can get out a good paper but we won't," shows the interest which some of the seniors take in the publication of the Advocate.

—Miss R—, '97, says that the American Fur Bearing Co. have control of the seal interests of Alaska.

—We have had some severe weather, but the attendance in general has been very good, and the pupils seem to have suffered on account of their attendance; otherwise much valuable time would have been lost if the sessions had not been held.

—Did any other senior class ever beat '95 in class meetings? Five in one week.

—How we pitied poor W— M— when he was obliged to read two pages of German. If a motion to resume his seat was made, there came that merciless, "Fahren sie fort bitte."

—The gallantry of "Dover" was shown when Master P— so carefully raised Miss W— from the ground.

—While the members of the ex-junior class in Latin were reading "Viri Romæ," the first of the year, they were very anxious to read Cæsar. Now—

—The class colors of '95 have been changed to Nile green and pink, that of '96 to garnet, '97 remains yellow, and '98 has selected pink.

—W. M. Southworth, of '96, has been elected school treasurer.

—The officers of the different classes were elected as follows: '95, Pres., F. M. de Lesdernier; Vice-pres., Lucie A. Carter; Sec. and Treas., Edith M. Lord. '96, Pres., W. M. Southworth; Vice-pres., Edith M. Willgoose; Sec. and Treas., F. R. Ames. '97, Pres., Lewis C. Tuttle; Vice-pres., Bertha Coburn; Sec. and Treas., Roy C. Southworth.

—One of the class of '97 was heard to remark that she picked up a cinder from the Boston fire of 1872 in Needham. It seems to us that it is about time she graduated.

—'98 translates: "Ich pflege jedem Sountags Kind drei Wunsche zu gewahren," ("I am accustomed to grant three wishes to every child born on Sunday,") "I whistle to every child on Sunday."

—Should the chief editor say funny things in the class to be put in the locals?

—The Virgil class seems to be holding its own with other schools, for since April they have taken seventy-five lines for a lesson.

—How did it happen, W—, that you forgot to come to school for three days?

—The nicknames of some of the scholars are rather unique, for example, "Bunk," "Doughnuts," "Diddilby" and "Dover's hope and Medfield's pride."

—Question in American History—What general was never late? Early.

—One of the scholars of '98 complains that he can't learn his lessons because there's no one around with a stick to make him.

—Printed programs for each day of the

week have again been given to the scholars. They are very useful, as are also the folders containing the course of study, terms, etc.

—The seniors' motto—"Anything but study" (?).

—The parts for the graduation of the class of '95 are as follows: Salutatory, Joseph Stanton; Class Prophecy, Clarissa M. Sutton; Valedictory, Edith M. Lord; "Some of our wild flowers," Lucie A. Carter; "Historic places of Boston," Florence T. Hutchinson; "Some forms of light," F. M. de Lesdernier; "Review of the class of '95," Linnie M. Newell.

—How much some of the editors wanted to have their pictures in the Advocate.

—A great improvement has been effected in the appearance of the school yard by the removal of the front fence. The appearance of the grounds might be improved very much more by either removing permanently the old one or building a new fence on the north side of the yard.

—As usual a number of the seniors have occupied the lower seats this year.

—A scholar in American History ascribes to Patrick Henry the honor of having spoken in Faneuil Hall the memorable words, "Give me liberty or give me death."

—A girl of '97 said at the beginning of the year that she hoped her class would not read "Viri Romæ," as it made her "weary."

—The sub-seniors have read three of Shakespeare's plays and the ex-juniors one this year. Previous to this only the seniors have read them.

—The seniors visited the legislature in May in connection with the study of Civil Government.

—We are sorry that book-keeping was omitted from the new course of study this year. It is important, and many scholars wished to study it.

—Memorial exercises were held in the high school-room for the first time it is believed in the history of the school. The exercises consisted of recitations and music by the scholars; these were followed by a speech by the commander of the post and also by another veteran who had served under the "Stars and Stripes," of which he spoke very feelingly.

—On the 26th of April, the flag floated at half-mast in memory of E. Lawrence Eaton, a graduate of the class of '89, who passed out of this into a higher life on the 25th of April, 1895.

—The senior class have been provided with microscopes to be used in connection with their study of botany. We would suggest that something be provided for the testing of minerals to be used in connection with the study of mineralogy, as scratching quartz and other unknown and flint-like substances does not improve the edge of a penknife.

—While '98 was reading in German, or at least trying, he was interrupted by Miss M—, our assistant, who asked him to read first in German. I wonder why? Ah, he must have a fine pronunciation!

—During the year we have had public days nearly every month. They have been very instructive as well as interesting, and also a great help to those who have participated in them. We wish that they might not only be attended more largely, but also that they might awaken a greater interest in the routine work of the school and be the means of increasing our visiting list when the scholars were at their usual tasks.

—Mr. Aaron Twigg has kindly presented to the school two swords and a pair of eyes, which, by the way, would make good drinking cups if we should ever be in need of one. These were formerly in the possession of one or more sword fish. We are not at liberty to say which it was as it might detract from their interest.

—One day, after the principal had had a

grand clearing up of his desk, one of his pupils was heard to remark, "I never knew before that the top of that desk was green."

—Mr. John Titus has presented to the school some specimens of the rubber production in different parts of the world, some of which are very odiferous. The rarity of their perfume will be much appreciated by the scholars.

—Teacher—"If it is not right to whisper, why do you do it? If it is right, why do you stop the minute I look at you?"

—Owing to some person having made a complaint, base ball has been forbidden in the school yard. We understand that the one who made the complaint is in the habit of going through the yard, and had some narrow escapes from being hit with the ball. Hence the result above mentioned.

Query—Is the school yard for the scholars, or is it a public way?

Owing to the kindness of Mr. Pond, who allows us to use his land opposite the school building we are still able to play ball.

—The path referred to in the article above is a disfigurement of the grounds (although it is a convenience), as it runs diagonally through the lawn on the southern side, the best in the yard. We hope that the path will soon disappear, and in its place will be seen fresh green grass, thus making a continuous stretch of fine lawn.

—Arthur Blackwood, class of '97, has left school and gone into the electrical business.

—Drawing has been added to all the schools, with Mrs. Mattie Cutter of Sudbury as teacher.

—The class of '97 wishing to raise money with which to buy physical apparatus, gave an entertainment on October 16, 1894, as a result of which over thirty dollars was made. Some of the features of the program were as follows: Selections by the phonograph, readings by Miss Addie Sharpe and Baby Lou; solos by Mrs. Cole, zither solo by Miss Kammler, and a

zither duet by Miss Kammler and Mrs. George Twigg. We now have in the laboratory a very fine selection of physical apparatus valued at five hundred dollars.

—During the year a N. H. S. quartet has been formed. This is a new feature of the work in music, and its services on public days especially have been greatly appreciated. The members at organization were as follows: Sopranos, Miss Clara Sutton, '95, and Miss Edith Gardner, '98; altos, Miss Edith Willgoose, '96, and Miss Amy de Lesdernier, '98; tenors, F. M. de Lesdernier, '95, and Lewis C. Tuttle, '97; basses, Joseph Stanton, '95, and George Parmenter, '97. Miss Gardner leaving school, Miss Bessie de Lesdernier, '97, and Miss Elizabeth Fitzgerald, '97, were substituted. One more bass being needed, Fred B. Ames was chosen.

—The singing of the N. H. S. seems to grow weaker and weaker every year, and now the grammar school assists us. It seems as if a school of over fifty scholars ought to make enough music without outside help.

—By means of the generous subscriptions of citizens and the proceeds from a lecture on California, which Rev. Mr. Thacher so kindly gave, enough money was secured to purchase a stereopticon, something which probably very few schools in this state boast. Our most hearty thanks to the citizens and Rev. Mr. Thacher for their liberality and kindness.

—The senior class in botany have had the pleasure of analyzing the *Clintonia Borealis*, which, as its name implies, is found almost exclusively in cold climates. These specimens were found by George Parmenter in Dover, which equals if it does not rival any town in the state not only in the mere number of its wild flowers, but also in the number of rare flowers that are indigenous to its soil. But for all this the *Clintonia* is also found in another town which we know of not quite so distant, which has also a number of other rare flowers.

## Review of the Year.

1894.

- Sept. 4. Fall term began.
- 5. Contrast in freshmen's voices becomes apparent.
- 7. Seniors and sub-seniors turned their thoughts heavenward.
- Oct. 10. First public day of the year.
- 16. Entertainment of '97 at town hall. "Success crowns effort."
- Dec. 3. Thanksgiving vacation.
- 20. Stereopticon appeared.
- 21. "Where are we at?"
- 21. Last day of the fall term.
- 31. Winter term began.

1895.

- Jan. 3. Public day.
- 20. Spelling matches declared a failure.
- Feb. 20. Rev. Mr. Thacher lectured at town hall for benefit of high school.
- Mar. 4. Studies of botany and geology begun.
- 5. "Model" public day.
- 6. Big gun went off in the laboratory.
- 14. Study of Civil Government begun.
- 23. Dr. F. E. Smith discovered to be the author of "Home, Sweet Home."
- 23. P—rescues a young lady.
- 24. Said by one of the tallest girls in school: "Am I too long for you, or am I too long for you?"
- Mar. 29. At ten minutes of twelve all the schools sang "America."
- Apr. 1. All the scholars had their lessons.
- 4. S—overcome by the depth of his thoughts, fell from his chair.
- 5. Last day of the winter term.
- 15. First day of the spring term.
- 25. Geometry class wins laurels after being heard by one of the school officials.
- 26. Essays by senior class read.
- May 16. Seniors all present. Flag hoisted?
- 24. Printed course of study appears.
- 29. Memorial exercises.
- June 7. Grand musical rehearsal.

## Alumni Department.

---

### Officers N. H. S. A. A.

---

President, Davis G. McIntosh.  
 Vice Pres., Miss Roberta J. Hardie.  
 Treas., Allston R. Bowers.  
 Sec., Miss Mabel E. Gates.

---

### The First Alumnus of the N. H. S.

---

He graduated at about the age of sixteen, delivering the salutatory of the class of '76, which was the first to graduate from the Needham High School. The following September he entered Phillips Academy, from which he graduated two years later.

He was interested in literary work, was president of the N. H. S. A. A., and for several years president of the Union Temperance Band. He was worthy chief of the local lodge of Good Templars, and was also identified with other organizations outside of the town.

In the midst of his activity he was summoned by the Great Commander in 1882 to receive Heaven's regalia, being preceded by a younger brother, who was also an Alumnus, leaving many behind to "mourn but not without hope."

In letters received from different professors of Andover in 1876, which are still preserved, is expressed the belief that he had passed from death unto life. Although his surroundings were in part unfavorable and uncongenial, yet he continued steadfast to the end.

To the finite mind which seeks to fathom infinite wisdom for the cause of such bereavement, and though indeed there is little solace, still we may say with the poet:

"My Lord hath need of these flowers gay,  
 The reaper said, and smiled;

Dear tokens of the earth are they  
 Where he was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
 Transplanted by my care,  
 And saints upon their garments white  
 These sacred blossoms wear."

"And the mother gave in tears and pain  
 The flowers she most did love;  
 She knew she should find them all again  
 In the field of light above."

---

### College Life.

---

I remember a few years ago, when I was in the high school, how I would stand before the teacher's desk and, with gaping mouth and wild, enthusiastic, yet somewhat terrified eyes, listened to the teacher's tales of the pranks and capers of his college days. You can imagine the character of the stories and of the deeds of the heroes when I tell you that once one of his audience was so frightened that, with trembling voice, he asked, "They won't kill you, will they?"

We rejoice that time has changed the customs of the past. The days of the old-fashioned professors, of the hazing and of the cane rush are gone. We are entering a new era of college life, and soon the twentieth century will usher in new customs and a new order of things.

But I am keeping you in suspense. Do you wish a ride? Ah! here are several "horses;" which is your choice? The Latin or Greek or German? There is little difference, since all make good "trots." Possibly you prefer a "pony." With a few words, I have introduced you to a vocabulary which is used by students among themselves. The equine names apply to the translation of foreign languages. If a student asks for a "trot" in Homer, he

means that he wishes an English translation of that book. He often speaks of "horsing" or "ponying" a lesson, by which he means he uses a translation.

The students often make use of abbreviations instead of using the words for which they stand, viz: Pol. Econ., Comp. Anat., etc; these are pronounced "polecon," "companat," and are abbreviations for Political Economy and Comparative Anatomy, etc. If you are intending to spend a few weeks at college, secure a vocabulary of college words in order that you may engage in college conversation, which is as difficult as talking on base ball matters without a mastery of the modern base-ball tongue.

The college work consists of recitations, lectures and seminary work, with periodic tests or "quizzes." The former method is employed during the first year in mathematics and in the languages. The latter two methods are employed during the last two years in the college course. We are compelled to attend chapel, which is followed by the daily exercises. There are two half holidays during the week, which are occupied in amusements or by some in study. At these times the base-ball and foot-ball games are played, and ample opportunity for individual research is given to the ambitious student. Many go on botanical or geological expeditions into the country, which is rich with specimens pertaining to those departments. During the winter months the student gives his attention to lectures, clubs and musicals. Friday evening is "frat" night, or the night upon which the fraternities hold their meetings.

"Don't you have any fun?" I hear some one ask. Certainly; it is not all grind. There are three classes of students in every college. These consist of students to whom first college life is all work and no play; second, is all play and no work; third, is the necessary work and necessary play for their mental and physical development. There are times when all spare a few moments for "fun," when the dormant spirit—dormant on account of the continual study and seclusion—is aroused. Then, beware, ye protectors of the public weal!

As my space is limited, I will describe

the military funeral which occurred at Brown's a short time ago. It has been the custom to burn in effigy the most unpopular professor, and also to burn the book of the most unpopular study. The annual "algebra burning" is an event of the past. Among the sophomores the military drill is the most unpopular course. The work in this department was completed by them on the eleventh of June, and, as they are not prescribed to take it next year, at seven o'clock p. m. of that day they proceeded, since they could not burn it, to bury the department. At that hour, the sophomores gathered on the campus in full military dress, and as they could not use their guns, had sticks, brooms, etc., for weapons. They informed into line. At the sound of the drum, the sharpshooters with brooms for weapons, captained by the high executioner, armed with an immense razor, marched before the class, the pall-bearers with the coffin, and behind these the chaplain followed. The victim was a huge dummy dressed in military uniform, representing the military department. The prisoner was executed, placed in the coffin, and then the military service was read. Then, with the coffin in the centre, the class paraded through the streets with solemn tread and with their weapons at "secure arms." With the profoundest solemnity the coffin was thrown into the river, and drifted away with the tide. Then the occasion was turned into a general jollification.

These are only a few instances of college life from which you may draw your own conclusions. It is a life upon which every graduate can look back with great pleasure.

---

The first class to graduate from the N. H. S. was the class of 1876, having six members, the exercises being in the Baptist vestry. Since 1871 members of seventeen classes have received diplomas, the total number of graduates being 116, of which 78 were girls and 38 were boys. The largest class that ever graduated numbered thirteen, being the class of '93.

---

 Alumni et Alumnae.
 

---

Emma N. Pond, '94, is residing in Needham.

H. Alice Eberhardt, of the class of '94, is teaching in Norwich, Mass.

Helen W. Leach, of the class of '92, is teaching in Sagamore, Mass.

Louize K. Smith, '94, is residing in Charles River Village, Mass.

Frederic A. Jones, of the class of '94, has been attending Technology.

Lottie M. Morgan, '94, is teaching music in Needham, Mass., where she resides.

Alice C. Coombs, of the class of '87, has accepted a position in Laconia, N. H.

Emma A. Allen, of the class of '94, has been attending a business college in Boston.

E. Frances Fox, of the class of '94, has been studying at Burdett's during the year.

Nellie M. Gilfoil, of the class of '94, has been studying at Burdett's during the year.

Lewis E. Morgan, of the class of '81, is residing in Needham, where he is practising as a physician.

Eva Chamberlain, of the class of '94, during the year has been in attendance at a business college in Boston.

Walter N. Hart, of the class of '94, after having attended a business college in Boston, has entered the hardware business.

William H. Stanton, of the class of '93, is attending Boston College, but is not preparing for the priesthood, as stated in the Advocate for '94.

---

## In Memoriam.

---

MARGARET CLYDE LIVINGSTON,

CLASS OF '93.

BORN NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

DIED JULY 6, 1894.

OLIVE REBECCA (COLBURN) ALLEN,

CLASS OF '94.

BORN MARCH 10, 1875.

DIED JULY 21, 1894.

EVERETT LAWRENCE EATON,

CLASS OF '89.

BORN SEPTEMBER 27, 1871.

DIED APRIL 25, 1895.

NEEDHAM COAL  
AND WOOD YARD  
A. W. WALKUP. . .

THE BEST PLACE

—TO BUY—

❖GROCERIES❖

—IS AT—

WOODRUFF'S,

MAY BUILDING

FINE  
CUSTOM REPAIRING.

We claim to do the neatest, and at the same time the most durable repairing in the town. An old shoe repaired in a practical manner is a good investment. A good shoe badly repaired is worthless.

ARTISTIC FOOTWEAR

At the Shoe Box.

E. W. HAYES, NEEDHAM.

EDGAR L. FLINT,

Painter and Paper Hanger.

KALSOMINING, WHITENING, ETC.  
PAPER HANGING A SPECIALTY.

Estimates furnished and Contracts taken on the most favorable terms. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

P. O. Address, Box 18.

NEEDHAM, MASS.

BUCKLEY BROS.,

Plumbing,  
Heating,  
Ventilating.  
NEEDHAM, MASS.

B. L. BROWN,  
DEALER IN

*Boots, - Shoes - and - Rubbers,*  
. And Gents' Furnishing Goods.  
MAY BUILDING, NEEDHAM, MASS.

F. L. FULLER,  
DEALER IN

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.  
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.  
Low's BLOCK, - - HIGHLANDVILLE.

KATIE L. BATES,

DRESSMAKING.

LINDEN STREET, - - - - NEEDHAM.  
Best of References.

GO TO FOSTER'S  
FOR YOUR

Ladies,' Gentlemen's and Children's  
BOOTS · AND · SHOES  
at the lowest prices. Also a full line of  
Gents' Laundered Colored Shirts at 75c, worth \$1.  
A full assortment of  
DRY AND FANCY GOODS.  
KINGSBURY BLOCK, - - - - NEEDHAM.

*G. W. Tisdale & Son,*

REAL ESTATE and  
INSURANCE AGENTS,

178 Devonshire Street,  
Boston.



John Hancock Building, Room 512.

Residence, Webster Street, Needham.

ROCK AND SON,  
DEALERS IN

Horses and Carriages,  
New and second hand. Harnesses, Sleighs, Robes,  
Blankets and Whips for sale or exchange. Livery,  
Sale and Exchange Stable.  
HIGHLAND AVENUE, HIGHLANDVILLE, MASS.

S. O. FOWLE, M. D. V.,

## VETERINARY SURGEON.

Office, EATON'S STABLE, NEEDHAM.

Residence, Linden St.

P. O. Box 292.

## MILK

delivered in Needham and vicinity every Morning  
and Evening by

AUGUSTUS EATON, NEEDHAM.

N. B. Special attention is given to its quality.

ROBT. G. ROPER & CO.,

## ATHLETIC SWEATERS

and Knit Goods Manufacturers.

HIGHLANDVILLE - - - MASS.

A. J. LYMAN,

## BUILDER

Box 57, NEEDHAM.

C. J. FORAND,

## BLACKSMITH, WHEELWRIGHT AND PAINTER.

Carriage and Sign Painting, Carriage Trimming and  
Harness Repairing.

Work done as you want it and when you want it.

EATON SQUARE, NEEDHAM.

J. A. TILTON & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

## FLOUR, GRAIN, HAY AND COAL,

CHAPEL STREET, NEEDHAM.

EBEN SMITH & CO.,

Manufacturers of

## Picture • Frames

Dealers in Pictures.

182 LINCOLN ST., - - - BOSTON.

CHARLES W. EATON,

590 WASHINGTON STREET,

Cor. Hayward Place,

BOSTON, MASS.

Robert T. Almy & Co.,  
Clothiers.

## DO YOU KNOW

that the best of Groceries, Dried Fruits,  
Canned Goods, etc., are kept and sold at lowest  
prices by

J. J. WHETTON?

HIGHLAND AVE., HIGHLANDVILLE.

EVERETT J. EATON,

## Livery, Sale and Boarding Stable.

Bale Hay and Straw.

Needham & Boston Express and Freight Line.

Office, 174 Washington St.

C. C. GREENWOOD,

## NEEDHAM INSURANCE AGENCY.

Established 1870. Represents officially Reliable  
Companies whose Assets aggregate more than Twenty  
Million Dollars. Office at Residence, Nehoiden St.

GEO. S. PERRY & CO.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

## SCHOOL • SUPPLIES.

Whitcomb's School Furniture and Settees.

PERRY'S SLATE BLACKBOARDS.

73 FULTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

## Hillside Farm.

Perfectly Fresh Milk of a superior quality  
delivered daily in the villages of  
Needham and Highlandville.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

ARTHUR WHITAKER.

A. J. MATHEY

Can Furnish anything in the Jewelry Line

At Reasonable Prices.  
Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

POST OFFICE, - - - NEEDHAM.

H. A. CROSSMAN,

Grain, - Hay - and - Feed

CHAPEL ST., NEEDHAM.

C. E. RICHARDS,

FINE WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELRY  
REPAIRING,

CHESTNUT STREET, NEEDHAM.

NEEDHAM MARKET,

Choice Market Supplies.

Butter from Capitol Creamery, Montpelier, Vt.

THOMAS SUTTON.

JOS. H. NEWCOMB,

LAUNDRY WORK

of all kinds. Fancy work a specialty. Work called  
for Mondays and Wednesdays; returned Thursdays,  
Fridays and Saturdays. Also first class hand work if  
desired. Good work. Reasonable prices.

H. A. FLEWELLING,

Carpenter and Builder.

Upholstering and Furniture Repairing.

Residence and Shop, GRANT STREET, NEEDHAM.

O. E. BOWEN,

CHOICE • FAMILY • GROCERIES.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS, MASS.

Goods delivered in Needham Wednesdays and  
Fridays.

GEO. TWIGG,

DEALER IN FRESH FISH,

Clams, Lobsters and Canned Goods. Market at  
residence, Webster St. Orders sent to Box 170,  
Needham, will receive prompt attention.

J. WILLETT,

— DEALER IN —

COAL, WOOD AND ICE,

HIGHLAND AVE., NEEDHAM.

DR. F. E. WAINING,

DENTIST.

29 1-2 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Residence, cor. Linden St. and Maple Terrace,  
NEEDHAM, MASS.

S. B. MILLS,

PROPRIETOR OF

• NEEDHAM • BAKERY •

Wedding cake made to order.  
Special attention given to orders from Societies.

H. A. KINGSBURY,

Carriage, Sign and  
Ornamental Painter,

NEHOIDEN ST., NEEDHAM.

OLIVER CRISP,

DEALER IN

• PROVISIONS •

Low's Block, HIGHLANDVILLE.

E. B. FOWLER,

DEALER IN

Groceries, Flour, Grain,

Crockery, Paints and Oils,  
Window Glass, Hardware, Etc.

COR. GREAT PLAIN AVE. AND CHESTNUT ST.

M. C. JOHNSON,  
OPPOSITE WATERING TROUGH, - - NEEDHAM.  
**BOOTS AND SHOES**  
**NEATLY REPAIRED.**  
Also a full of Tonics by the glass or case.

HOUSE AND BUILDING LOTS  
*FOR SALE.*


Apply to J. N. BRION,  
WARREN ST., NEEDHAM.

S. H. WHITTEMORE,  
**HARDWARE**  
ROSLINDALE, MASS.

CHOICE DELICACIES  
FOR THE TABLE AT  
**KINGSBURY'S MARKET.**  
East Ryegate, Vermont, Print Butter second to none.  
GEO. L. KINGSBURY.

E. C. MOULTON,  
AGENT,  
**STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES,**  
Hot Water Heaters, Plumbing and General Jobbing.  
Order box at J. A. Sullivan's drug store, Needham. 3 Low's Block, Highlandville.

Fred. R. Ames,  
*Landscape, Group and Interior*  
**PHOTO ARTIST.**

 Special attention given to Houses.

Orders promptly filled.

See samples in Postoffice.

Address, Box 114, Needham.

D. F. MANN,  
**House and Fresco Painting**  
**and Paper Hanging.**  
Wall Papers and Picture Mouldings, Oils, Paints,  
Window Glass, &c.  
CHESTNUT ST., near May Building, NEEDHAM.

K. B. SCOTTON,  
DEALER IN  
**DRY AND FANCY GOODS,**  
Boots and Shoes. Gents' Furnishing Goods.  
Practical Milliner. HIGHLANDVILLE.

A. B. DRESSER,  
AGENT  
**High St., Dedham, Laundry**  
All hand work. Goods sent and returned Tuesdays  
and Fridays. At the Post Office, Needham.

THEODORE McINTOSH,  
**ABSOLUTELY PURE MILK**  
delivered daily in glass jars at 6 cents per quart.  
Genuine cream, sixty cents.  
Box T. - - - - - NEEDHAM, MASS.

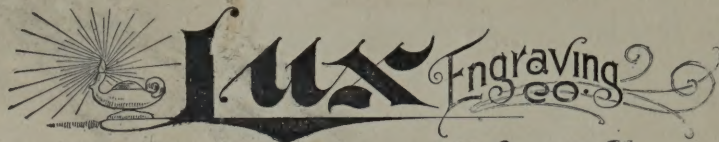
E. G. HERDMAN,  
**Fish and Oysters**  
Free delivery of goods in Needham.  
135 LINCOLN ST., BOSTON.

MILLS BROS. & JOHNSON,  
**HOUSE PAINTING**  
**AND PAPER HANGING.**  
Ceilings Whitened and Tinted. Orders or inquiries  
addressed to P. O. Box 252, Needham, will re-  
ceive prompt attention. MAY STREET.

GEO. K. CLARKE,  
**ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,**  
**40 State Street, Boston,**  
Residence at Needham.

**PICTURE FRAMING**  
of all kinds from Gold, Silver, Gilt, Oak and White  
Mouldings. Mats of all kinds made to order. Sewing  
machines of all kinds cleaned and repaired, and sup-  
plies and parts for all machines.  
O. R. CHILD,  
P. O. Box 238. Howland St., Needham, Mass.

GO TO HIGGINS'  
— FOR —  
**Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed**  
Also Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.  
CENTRAL STORE, DOVER, MASS.



295 Congress St.  
BOSTON, MASS.



Manufacturers of  
Half-Tone Cuts.  
reproductions of  
College Sketches,  
Illustrations for  
College Journals and Books  
Reproductions of Pen and Ink  
drawings, Rayon, Script, Autograph letters, &  
Views of College Buildings,  
copies of Architectural, Scientific  
and other Drawings.

Class Pictures  
and  
Portraits of the Faculty  
printed, to bind in College Books and Journals.

Call Cards · Menu Cards · Dance Orders ·  
Artistic Programmes.  
Invitations &  
Correspondence Solicited.

*Lux Engraving Co.*  
295 Congress St.  
Boston, Mass.

CHARLES E. ALLEN,  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW

WARREN ST., NEAR DEDHAM AVE., NEEDHAM.  
BOSTON OFFICE, 606 SEARS BUILDING.

John W. Titus,  
*Attorney and  
Counsellor at Law,*

10 Tremont St., Room 53, Boston.

Residence, - - WEBSTER ST., NEEDHAM.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

There is no question but that ice cut by the Needham Ice Company is the purest to be obtained in this vicinity, as we gather it from the pond before it is subject to the drainage of cess-pools or manufactories, as pure as nature can make it with nothing but high hills and wooded land for a water shed. Physicians not only use it but recommend it. Address,  
GEO. C. MCINTOSH, Needham, Mass.

SEND A COPY

— OF —

The High School Advocate

to some friend out of town, and show them  
what our high school can do.

*Only Ten Cents per Copy.*

FOR SALE

OR TO LET.

House on Linden St.

APPLY TO

JOHN MOSELEY,

MAY STREET.



Emery Grover,

*Counsellor at Law*

*and Notary Public,*

31 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Residence; Maple St., Needham.

 H O S I E R Y 

MANUFACTURED BY

WILLIAM CARTER & CO.

HIGHLANDVILLE.

WM. GORSE & CO.,

HIGHLANDVILLE, - - - - - MASS.

Patentees and Manufacturers of

Seamless Heel Elastic Stockings.

*No Ripping. No Chafing.*

*No Galling.*

All kinds of Surgical Elastic Bandages, Abdominal Belts, Suspensories, etc., manufactured to order in the shortest time.

WYE BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of

Ladies' Silk and Worsted  
Mittens, Sweaters,  
Leggins, etc.

Post Office Box W,

NEEDHAM, MASS.



J. A. SULLIVAN,  
Registered  
Pharmacist,

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

Kingsbury Block, Needham.

Carter's Block, Highlandville.

---

George W. Southworth,  
Publisher ❖ and ❖ Printer,  
Chronicle Office, Needham.

---

*The Needham Chronicle.*

*Established 1874.*

*Geo. W. Southworth, Publisher.*

*A Paper for the Family Circle, giving  
Local and General News, and offering  
a widely circulated medium for Adver-  
tising.*

*Subscription, \$2 in advance.*

*At the Chronicle Office*

*Good Envelopes 5 cents a package.*

*Pencil and Ink Erasers combined, 5 c.*

*Paper for shelves or tables.*

*Blotting Paper, any size.*

*Dennison's Imported Tissues.*

*Japanese Napkins.*

*Stationery at Low Prices.*

---

OUR SPECIALTIES



LADIES'

*Shirt Waists, Summer Corsets, House Wrappers.*

CARTER BROS.,

Dealers in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots, Shoes and Furnishings,

HIGHLANDVILLE.